

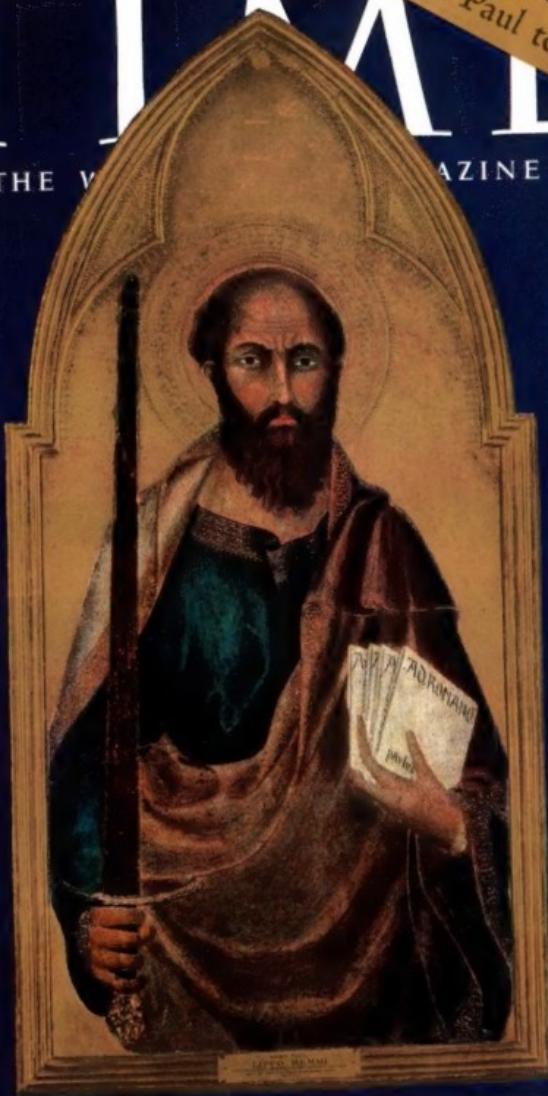
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

APRIL 18, 1960

TIME

THE WORLD'S MAGAZINE

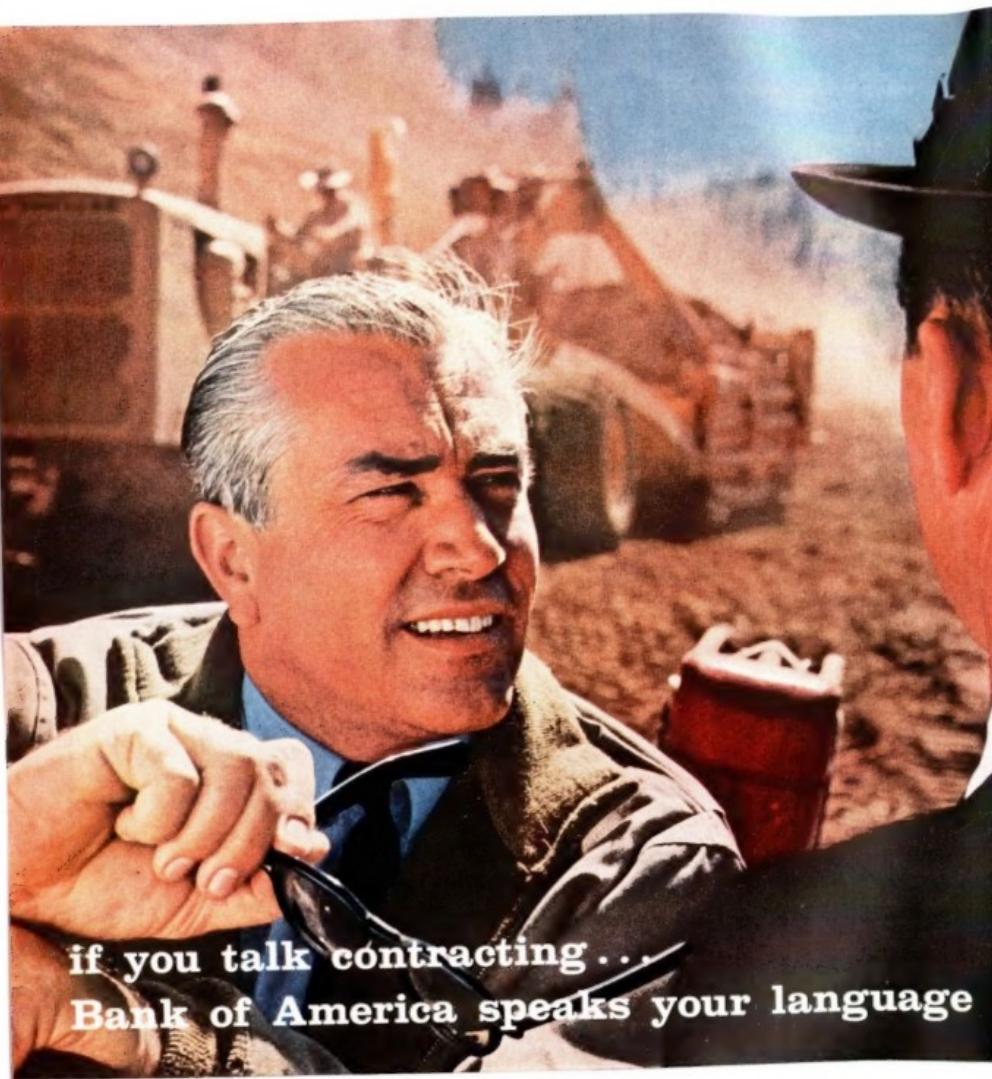
Christian Missionaries
From St. Paul to 1960



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VOL. LXXV NO. 16



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TIME
April 18, 1963

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Volume LXXV
Number 16

DC-8 WITH A DIFFERENCE-



*Fastest, most luxurious service across Canada—
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LETTERS

Ready-to-eat Protein for breakfast



Kellogg's Special K with milk is one of the few good protein foods you don't have to cook

These tasty, flaky morsels give you quick start protein on hurry-up mornings

The MRS. Degree

Sir:

Dale J. Bellamah feels that girls should be kept out of college because "99% of them are only interested in getting a 'MRS.' degree [March 28]. Good for them; as a college student I hope to marry a girl that has an education equal to mine. A mother is the most important single influence on her children; her standards become their standards. Do we need more children that are apathetic toward education?

CHRISTOPHER DREW

Bradley University
Peoria, Ill.

Sir:

I could think of less difficult ways to get a MRS. degree—less difficult than 20 hours of classes a week and 18-hour days. I could think of less expensive ways—less expensive than \$2,500, plus books and living expenses. I could think of less tiring, less disturbing and less profitable ways to spend my time than getting my B.A.

PATRICIA J. BURNS
Sophomore

Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir:

Perhaps, come to think of it, colleges should give a MRS. degree. To receive this degree candidate must have the cooking skill of a chef, the first-aid knowledge of a scoutmaster, the diplomatic ability of a foreign-service officer, the patience of a saint, the knowledge of child psychology of a specialist in this field. I suppose, though, by the time a girl had completed the course she would be too old to marry.

DAVID D. MORRIS

Albion, Mich.

Sir:

We need something to think about while we do the ironing.

FLOREDA VARICK, B.S., MRS.
Gainesville, Fla.

Xactly

Sir:

Admiral Arleigh Burke's plan to spell Communism with a "K" in the future [April 4], in order to identify it with Khrushchev, needs additional strategic planning. For "Khrushchev" is not spelled in Russian with the "K" of Communism, but with an "X," pronounced like the "ch" in "Loch." (In fact, Khrushchev should not be referred to as "Mr. K." but rather as "Mr. X.")

I trust that this oversight was not caused by any junior staff officer's lack of courage in communicating this to the admiral.

CHARLES F. BERLITZ
Vice President

Berlitz School of Languages
New York City

Legions Under the Sea

Sir:

My thanks to TIME for the first widely seen, and sensible, cover story on Jacques Cousteau [March 28].

For once, we happy followers of skin-diving are not depicted as a slightly mad race apart from the rest of mankind, but as we like to think of ourselves: sober and sensible types enjoying the one last bit of virgin wilderness left in this world. Fortunately, the last bit is most of the world.

GEORGE H. RAFFOLE

Boston Sea Rovers
Needham, Mass.



"SOUS L'EAU," 1938
Philippe Halsman

Sir:

I was surprised at your statement that skin-diving is "almost the single-handed creation" of Jacques-Yves Cousteau.

In 1938 I photographed the *Club des Sous l'Eau* in Paris. My photograph showed its president, Commandant Le Prieur, its vice president, the scientist Jean Painlevé, and other members cowering under water in diving masks, shooting off their underwater guns and wearing water lungs.

PHILIPPE HALSMAN

New York City

¶ The *Club des Sous l'Eau* divers are using an Aqua-Lung ancestor called *Scaphandre Autonome le Pricar*, after its inventor and the club president, Yves le Prieur. The air-flow pressure was adjusted by hand.—ED.

Sir:

I would like to know if anyone has sampled the 1,160-year-old wine found in the ancient wreck.

JONATHAN BELL

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

¶ Cousteau drank some, wrote that the wine came from "a poor vintage century."—ED.

Leprosy in Samoa

Sir:

YOUR MARCH 28 PRESENTATION OF THE LEPROSY PROBLEM IN AMERICAN SAMOA IS DEEPLY APPRECIATED; IT HAS DIRECTED ATTENTION TO THE LACK OF FUNDS AND FACILITIES IN CARING FOR THE DESERVING PEOPLE HERE, AND THE FIRST RESULT IS THE ANTICIPATED TEAM OF LEPROLOGISTS, WHICH HAS BEEN MY REQUEST FOR NEARLY A YEAR. MY PURPOSE IN GOING "OUT OF CHANNELS" WAS NOT TO DRAW ATTENTION TO PERSONALITIES BUT TO A SERIOUS SITUATION CONCERNING OUR SAMOAN "ORPHANS." I TRUST THE LOCAL MISUNDERSTANDING THAT ENDED WILL BE SETTLED AMICABLY IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

DONALD L. DONOHUGH, M.D.,
PAGO PAGO, AMERICAN SAMOA

Death & Transfiguration

Sir:

Congratulations on a brilliant piece of incorrect reporting [on Mezzo-Soprano Gloria Lane—March 28]. The few lines that I left unsung were well delivered from left wing by my fine tenor colleague Walter Fredericks, not by Miss Lane. That poor girl was so terrified she barely remembered her own lines.

As to the "death by thumb"—it's quite hilarious and quite untrue. Coroner and critics alike dubbed it "natural causes," and the till-then-unknown singer agreed with them.

Several months later, however, I brought her back to life. I approved of her as a

TIME, APRIL 18, 1960



This is the music that dividends pay for

It may not sound like much now, but a few more lessons will help a great deal. Lessons paid for with dividends from stock or interest from bonds.

Income from investments has helped many families pay for some of the little extras that make for a pleasanter, more secure life together. For them it has meant enjoying an extra income while at the same time building for the future.

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All companies don't prosper, however, even in an expanding economy. Sometimes a company may not pay a dividend or interest, and security prices go down as well as up.

But you can reduce the risks of investing by following these simple rules:

First, invest only money you don't need for regular living expenses. It's a good idea, also, to have some savings for emergencies.

Second, never trust a tip or rumor. Instead, investigate. Get facts about a company before you invest in it.

Third, get advice from a reputable broker. Call on one of the 2,600 offices of Member Firms of the New York Stock Exchange.

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choice for one of the supporting roles in *Saint of Bleeker Street*, in which I had the exquisite pleasure of knifing her every night.

DAVID S. POLERI

Tarzana, Calif.

Sir:
After "unscheduled" exit of tenor in Chicago *Carmen*, Miss Lane did not finish opera "singing Don Jose's part as well as her own."

A member of the opera company and seated in audience when incident happened, I realized the performance was in jeopardy. Hurrying backstage, resisting efforts of assistant conductor to push me—sans costume—on stage, I sang final music (eight pages) of *Don Jose* from wing.

WALTER FREDERICKS

Camden, N.J.

Religion & Politics

Sir:
For millions of us, a Roman Catholic in the White House would create endless quarreling and constant misinterpreting of the words and purposes of the President; he would "be damned if he did, and damned if he didn't." The glamor and clamor attached to the presidency may seem irresistible to some thoughtless Catholics; but to those who cherish our religion, the Faith could suffer an irreparable loss by a misunderstanding of the intentions of a Catholic President.

FRANK GAMACHE

Detroit

Sir:
As the author of the campaign song, *I'm Going To Vote For Hubert Humphrey*, I protest your contention that this is a "less-than-vote move" against any religious group in the West Virginia campaign [March 28].

This song was written months ago, and was printed on song sheets long before there was any thought of going into the West Virginia primary. For many years I have used parodies of tunes, *Give Me That Old-Time Religion*, for labor and political songs, and this is just one more parody. The implication that there is any sinister intent in using this tune is totally unwarranted.

JOE GLAZER

Secretary

National Labor for Humphrey Club

Akron, Ohio

Journey Through the South

Sir:
Having lived in the South all my life—Georgia, Florida and Louisiana—I, like most true Southerners, deplore such conduct as depicted by John Griffin [March 28]. Over the years I have had a great deal of contact with Negroes in various business relations from laborers to managers and I have never seen them treated so inconsiderately or disrespectfully. The present explosive conditions existing in the South are not normal, and the

pity of it is that our friends in the rest of the country who seek understanding of the problem are denied the benefit of our views.

ROSWELL KING

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir:
As a Virginia white, I say congratulations to John Griffin. I hope that my relatives see the article.

CLYDE CARTER

Chicago

Sir:
Mr. John Griffin's self-enlightening tour through the South proves once again that you can find trouble if you look for it, and, while looking, you may see a reflection (the hate stare), as in a mirror, anywhere.

JOHN L. WEBB JR.

Lake Wales, Fla.

Ways to Salvation?

Sir:
It is difficult to evaluate the lasting nature of the "decisions" made by thousands of people at the exhortations of Billy Graham [March 28]. His visit to the Christians of Israel was perfectly in order, but it should be pointed out to Dr. Graham as well as to all missionary societies that missions to the Jews are by and large doomed to failure.

The Jewish people have survived pleadings, the sword and the crematorium in their steadfast devotion to the faith of their fathers. The Jewish position has never been stated more beautifully than in *Micah 4:5*: "For let all the peoples walk, each one in the name of its god, but we will walk in the name of the Lord our God forever and ever."

RABBI AARON PEARL

Congregation Beth-El Suburban
Broomall, Pa.

The Cover

Sir:
Your March 21 cover story on Cary Chessman was interesting and challenging to the minds of jurists and every American. Your decision to grace the cover with this man could only be made in America—freedom of the press. I must say, though, that such a decision—for Chessman to occupy the same position as men like Eisenhower, Dulles, Truman, Roosevelt, et al.—shocked me and failed to meet with my approval.

ROBERT E. HETHERINGTON

Director of Public Relations
Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission
Harrisburg, Pa.

► TIME's covers do not necessarily honor the subjects. They are based on news and significance, and at times are given to men TIME would never honor, e.g., Al Capone, Adolf Hitler, Cary Chessman.—ED.

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Profit: the Key to

Telephone Progress and Low Cost

Maybe it's about time somebody stood up and said a good word about profits.

For the opportunity to earn a satisfactory profit is part of the very spirit of a free America. It is one of the basic things that have made this a great country.

Today, more than ever, the progress and prosperity of communities, states and nation are dependent on the number and the prosperity of their companies.

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That is just as true of the telephone business as any other . . . and of added importance because of the vital nature of the service.

It is a satisfactory profit—and the hope of its continuance—that gives

us the money and the incentive to go ahead on a long-pull basis instead of in a more expensive short-term manner.

It is profit that enables us to originate and take advantage of all the technological advances that improve your service and hold down the cost of providing it.

We can act instead of hesitating to act. We can go forward instead of standing still. We can move from one achievement to another in the best interest of everybody.

The evidence is overwhelming that companies that show excellent profit records do the best job for their customers and employees and, as corporate citizens, contribute the most to the community.

The day-by-day benefits for telephone users are better service at a lower price than would be possible in any other way.



WINGS FOR WORDS. It's so easy to take the telephone for granted! But what in the world would you ever do without it? All the many tasks of the day would be harder. You'd miss its priceless help and comfort in emergencies. So much would go out of your life if you couldn't reach out your hand and talk to friends and those you love.

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BUT YOU HAVE MADE ONE
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THINK YOU ARE
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FOR IT.



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MISCELLANY

Belt Bolt. In San Francisco, cops sought the motive behind the theft, from the Rathskeller Restaurant's historical display, of a seven-lb., forged-iron, 15th century chastity belt.

Heirline. In London, the College of Arms, ancient and august authority on the pedigree of titled British families, officially requested that test-tube babies be barred by the government from inheriting titles of nobility.

Vested Interest. In Draper, Utah, facing a firing squad, condemned Murderer James W. Rodgers was asked if he had a last request, replied: "Yes, I'd like a bulletproof vest."

Sound Effect. In Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the Rev. Jackson Burns of St. Paul's Methodist Church, having recorded one of his Sunday sermons, listened to the playback, fell asleep.

Fringe Benefits. In Rome, Salvatore Brizzese, 30, denied he was harming his four children by making them beg in the streets, pointed out that he picked them up in his car every evening and often treated them to ice cream.

Spokesmen. In Hartford, Conn., when two of the wheels fell off a prisoner-filled paddy wagon, cops chased one wheel as it rolled down a hill, then looked helplessly back uphill while two men picked up the other wheel, put it into their car and drove off.

High Living. In Kalamazoo, Mich., when Richard M. Horn was fined \$10 plus \$4.30 in court costs for filching a 75¢ item from a grocery, he pulled out four \$100 bills, demanded that one of them be changed, explained that he never carried small stuff around with him.

Eyes Write. In Marin County, Calif., a Fort Baker Army Post personnel clerk received a document, initialed it, passed it on to his supervisor, promptly got it back with a note reading: "This document did not concern you. Please erase your initials and initial the erasure."

Omnibus. In Tokyo, when a bus brushed against his motor scooter and the bus driver failed to apologize, Electrician Hirona Fukui, 25, halted the bus by stopping the scooter in front of it, climbed onto the bus hood, walked up to the windshield, kicked it in.

Charge Account. In Minneapolis, Detective Wayne Leonard waited four hours on stake-out for a female burglar suspect to return to her apartment, finally gave up, hurried to a downtown restaurant for a dinner date with his wife, recognized the waitress as the suspect, ate his meal, paid the check and arrested the waitress before leaving a tip.

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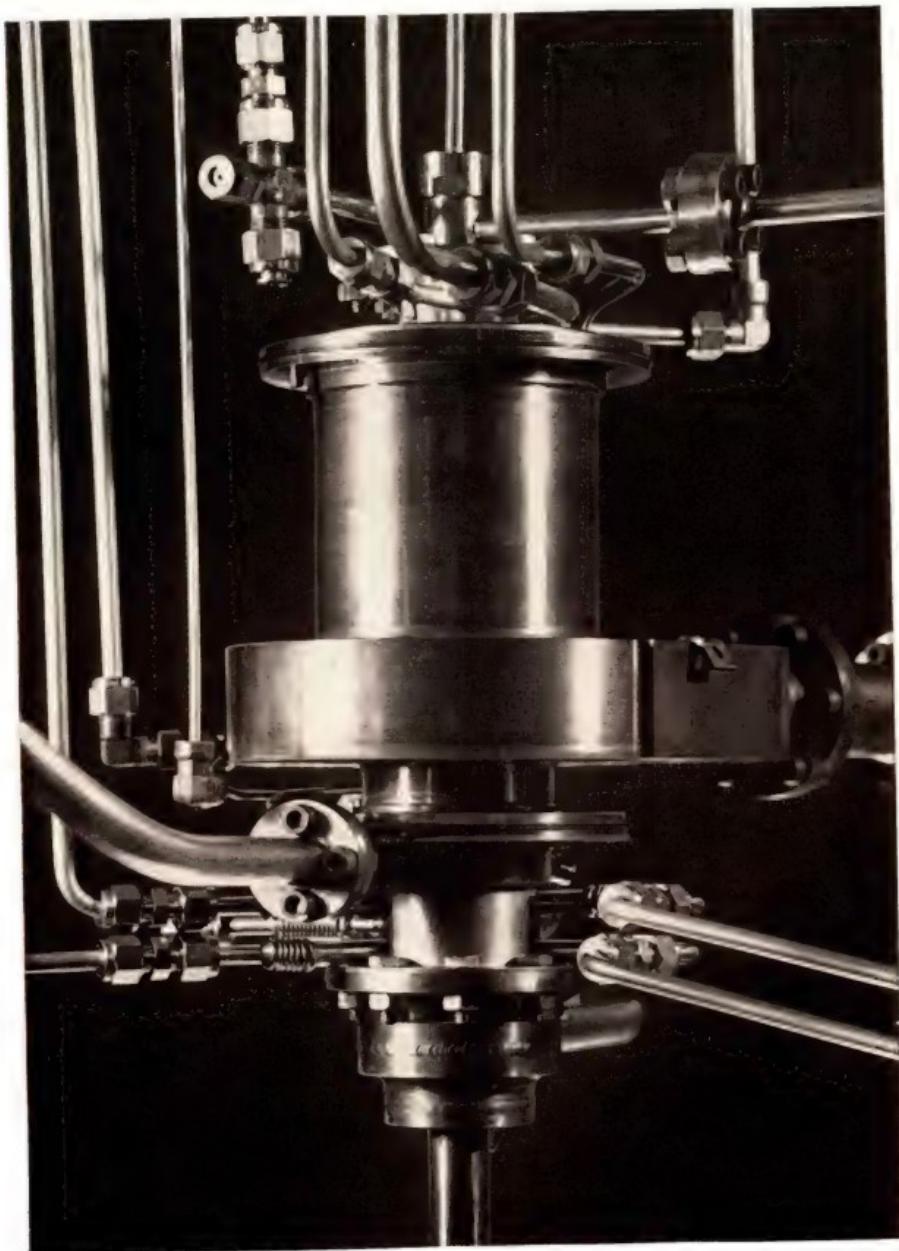
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OF
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TRW's power conversion system, shown here in relative position in a typical space satellite, was developed as part of the AEC's SNAP II project under prime contract to TRW Electronics International Div. of North American Aviation, Inc.

from a miniature turbo-generator...

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The SNAP II turbo-generator achievement will help make possible long lived satellites, world-wide television communications, deep space information transmission and interplanetary travel. It is only one result of the continuing program of basic and applied research by TRW scientists and engineers into new materials, techniques, and devices to meet the stringent operational and environmental requirements of the space age.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

POLITICS

The Catholic Issue

In the desperate hours of Jack Kennedy's battle with Estes Kefauver for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination in 1956, Kennedy's good friend and fellow Roman Catholic, John Bailey, Connecticut Democratic state chairman, circulated a memorandum among top Democrats at the Chicago convention. Wrote Bailey: "There is, or can be, a Catholic vote," and the way to make the most of it, he insisted, was to put Massachusetts Jack Kennedy on the ticket.* Kennedy narrowly lost the vice-presidential nomination, but set to work within weeks

* Bailey's argument: The Roman Catholic vote in 12 "Catholic states" were numerous and strong enough to swing their states behind a Democratic candidate if the candidate was a Catholic. The seven Massachusetts (48% Catholic), Rhode Island (61.2%), Connecticut (51.7%), New York (35.3%), New Jersey (42.8%), Pennsylvania (30.8%), Maryland (11.8%), Ohio (21.1%), Illinois (33.4%), Michigan (21.7%), Wisconsin (42.2%), Minnesota (17.7%), Montana (22.2%) and California (21.3%). Omitted from the Bailey list: New Mexico (43.4%), Maine (22.3%), New Hampshire (38.1%), Vermont (42.3%), North Dakota (33.1%), and Arizona, Louisiana and Hawaii, all more than 20% Catholic.

to build toward the 1960 Democratic presidential nomination.

Last week Jack Kennedy proved beyond doubt in the Wisconsin primary (*see following story*) that an attractive, hard-campaigning Catholic candidate can count on a powerful Catholic vote that cuts across labor-union loyalties, the farm problem, and even—to a lesser extent—party lines. By proving it, Kennedy lifted the Catholic issue out of the murk of religious innuendo into the arena of discussion, where it can be debated as a political fact of life. He cleared the air of the polite nonsense that talk of his Catholicism is bigotry—or that for a Protestant to vote against a Catholic is bigotry. And he served himself best by providing a part-answer to the legend that has been around since Al Smith's defeat in 1928 (*see box, next page*): that a Catholic cannot be elected President.

The political reality of 1960 is that Jack Kennedy's starting point in his race for the Democratic nomination is his ability to deliver the heavy Catholic big-city vote much the way that John Bailey laid it down in 1956. A corollary to Kennedy's argument that he has thereby placed Democratic bosses and kingmakers (most of them Catholics, some decidedly cool to Kennedy) in a dilemma: if they do not

nominate him, the Democrats stand to alienate the Catholic vote—a situation that Vice President Nixon might be tempted to exploit by turning to a Catholic vice-presidential running mate, such as Labor Secretary James Mitchell.

Indiana's Frank McKinney, sometime chairman of the Democratic National Committee, a great friend of Harry Truman, a Catholic and a strong Symington man, expressed the reaction of some of the bosses. He believes that Kennedy's Catholicism will make him too controversial. Said he last week in Phoenix: "The Democratic Party cannot afford to create hardships or disadvantages for itself." Will Catholics desert the Democrats if Kennedy is rejected? "They might, but that is the chance we'll have to take." Other Democratic leaders believe that Kennedy can be elected with no more difficulty than besets any candidate.

Says Kennedy's wealthy father, Joseph P. Kennedy: "Let's not con ourselves. The only issue is whether a Catholic can be elected President." It is not, by a long shot, the only issue. The *Wall Street Journal* was closer when it editorialized last week: "The country would do better, we think, to face the fact honestly that religion is, and always has been, a political issue and that it is not improper for it to be so . . . So let us by all means not bar religion from politics. Let us even in this campaign ask ourselves anew the ancient questions about Church and State. But let us make sure we are asking them in the right way for our time."

PRIMARIES

Something for Everybody

On election night the candidates were dead tired, hollow-eyed and worried. As the first returns began to trickle into Milwaukee from Wisconsin's countryside Candidate Hubert Humphrey began to brighten up. The magic numbers were going all his way. By 9 p.m. Humphrey held a 6,500-vote lead over his rival Jack Kennedy. In his Plaster Hotel suite, Kennedy slumped in a chair watching television; Brother Bob hovered anxiously over a telephone, jotting down the reports of local legmen. Then, slowly, the numbers began to change, and by 11 p.m. Kennedy was out in front. At that point, only one thing was certain: placid Wisconsin had been so churned by the campaign that an unprecedented 1,192,398 citizens had gone to the polls in a primary where voters can



KENNEDY & AIDES ON ELECTION NIGHT (AT RIGHT, BROTHER BOB)
Chip off the old bloc.

Photo: Wayman-Lite

freely cross party lines. And that, too, added to the uncertainty.

Two Themes. In the final dervish week it was Humphrey who covered the most territory and made the most political mileage. Traveling in a rented bus, he drove furiously across rolling dairyland and rustic wheat country, punching endlessly at two themes: Agriculture Secretary Ezra Benson's hated farm program, and Jack Kennedy's early support of that program. Local lieutenants of Missouri's Stuart Symington—whose strategy calls for staying out of primaries—publicly threw their support to Humphrey. Mildly anti-Catholic ads were distributed to 350 Wisconsin weeklies (planted by the unofficial Square Deal for Humphrey Committee and promptly disowned by Humphrey). Nearing the end, Humphrey even lost his voice but rigorous throat sprays saved the day. Kennedy continued his cool campaigning, but the mid-campaign clean-sweep predictions were revised, bets were hedged, and apprehension crept into the Kennedy camp in proportion to the rising confidence that seized Humphrey.

When the final returns were in, Kennedy won, with a decisive 478,901 votes—56% of the Democratic vote that took six of the state's ten election districts, 20 of the 31 delegate votes at the national convention. Humphrey was second with 372,034 votes, four election districts, 103 delegate votes. Nixon, unopposed Republican, came in third in the popular count, with 341,463 votes. The pundits and politicians added up the returns and made them come out just about any way they wished. But there were some unmistakable conclusions to be drawn.

One Exception. With his 106,000 plurality, Kennedy showed some remarkable strengths and some revealing weaknesses. His support from Wisconsin's large Roman Catholic population (32%) almost amounted to a bloc vote—from the Ger-



Francis Miller—Life

HUMPHREY & REPORTERS ON ELECTION NIGHT

On to the real race.

man and Polish Catholics in Milwaukee's Fourth District to the thousands of rural Republicans who crossed over to vote for him. (One interesting exception to the rule: in economically hard-pressed Ashland and Iron counties, both over 40% Catholic, Hubert Humphrey won.) Though Humphrey was endorsed by C.A.W.-C.I.O. leaders, Kennedy swept the labor vote, which is heavily Catholic. One pro-Humphrey U.A.W. official groused that it was impossible to get Humphrey literature distributed in plants with Catholic shop stewards. But Kennedy worked hard for the labor vote, shaking hands at factory gates, attending shop meetings, cultivating labor's rank and file; he was doubtless helped too by Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa's foray into Wisconsin to carry on his vicious vendetta against the Kennedys. Kennedy ran well enough in the farm districts to prove that he has some farmer appeal but lost by enough to prove that he is vulnerable to Humphrey's pounding at his agriculture voting record.

Humphrey was beaten in the state adjoining his own Minnesota, by an urbane Easterner with a Harvard accent. But he was still a very lively candidate. His hard work among the farmers had paid off handsomely: only one farm district, the seventh, fell into the Kennedy column, but it was 64% Catholic Portage County, in the center of the district, that gave Kennedy his 6,000 plurality in the seventh. There are a few signs that Humphrey benefited from crossover support of Protestant Republicans in Richland County, a Republican farm area. Humphrey polled 2,418 votes. Nixon 2,158. Kennedy 1,558, but mostly he exploited the farmers' strong anti-Benson feeling by trumpeting Kennedy's early farm votes for Benson programs. Supporters of Adlai Stevenson in Madison shifted to Humphrey and helped carry Dane County for him. Humphrey's labor strength was a bust, but he

was cheered by results from Milwaukee's three Negro wards, where he won by a 2-to-1 margin. "If you're talking about blocs," crowed Humphrey, "the Negro's a much bigger bloc nationally than labor."

Nixon, whose supporters had hoped for 40% of the total vote and predicted 30%, got 29%. His big riddle: Were the thousands of embattled farmers and enthusiastic Catholics who crossed over to vote for Humphrey or Kennedy just "one-day Democrats" who wanted to put their bets on a real contest, and would they return to the G.O.P. in November? Nixon, recalling 1948,⁹ felt confident.

Actually, unpredictable Wisconsin had done it again. Nothing was big enough—Kennedy's margin of victory. Humphrey's margin of loss. Nixon's share of the total vote, and as far as the two Democrats were concerned, the whole performance had to be repeated in West Virginia. Groaned a Kennedy supporter: "When I think of all those mornings we got up to be at those plant gates—and now they say West Virginia will be the test." Said Hubert Humphrey, to a war council of aides, when the last returns were in: "We'll be out from under this Catholic thing, and we'll be dealing with real Democrats, not these one-day Democrats. We've got four weeks to saturate that state. We've got to get a lot of literature in, get public relations help, all the things we didn't do here. Symington and Johnson will still be on the sidelines; they're not going anywhere until that primary is resolved. I know we can win there."

⁹ In 1948 thousands of Wisconsin Democrats crossed over to cast their votes in a three-way contest by Harold E. Stassen, General Douglas MacArthur and Thomas E. Dewey in the Republican primary, leaving Harry Truman trailing far behind in fourth place. But in November the Democrats crossed back again and Truman beat Dewey by 50,000 votes to carry Wisconsin.

[†] West Virginia forbids crossover voting.



Fischetti—NEA Service

THE DEFEAT OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

In the 1960 debate over a Roman Catholic's chances of winning the presidency, many an argument is cinched with a reference to Al Smith's campaign of 1928. But many a 1960 crystal ball is clouded by a clouded memory of what really happened in 1928. This was it:

CAREFREE 1928 was a year of peace, prosperity, bootleg booze and "whoopie." Commander Richard E. Byrd set out on his first Antarctic expedition, and Amelia Earhart became the first woman to fly the Atlantic. Thornton Wilder won a Pulitzer Prize for *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, Warner Brothers released the first all-talking picture, *The Lights of New York*, and Walt Disney produced his first Mickey Mouse cartoon, *Plane Crazy*. In the World Series, the New York Yankees wallop the St. Louis Cardinals in four straight, with Babe Ruth hitting three home runs in the final game. In August at Paris, the U.S. and 14 other nations signed the Kellogg-Briand Pact, solemnly renouncing war as an instrument of national policy. And in November, Alfred E. Smith, the only Roman Catholic ever nominated for President by a major U.S. political party, lost to Herbert Hoover in a landslide.

The 1928 campaign was fought out against a background of widespread public contentment with U.S. history's most remarkable stretch of prosperity—prosperity for which the Republicans doggedly claimed credit. From 1921 to the end of 1928, under Republican Presidents Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge, real per capita national income had climbed by a heady 30%.¹⁰ In June 1928 the Republican Convention in Kansas City chose a nominee who seemed superbly equipped to carry on the Republican prosperity: Secretary of Commerce Herbert Clark Hoover, 53, a self-made, wealthy, Iowa-born engineer who was the most admired member of Coolidge's drab Cabinet.

Hoover had going for him not only the Republican record of prosperity but also a deep split in the Democratic Party between the rural, Protestant, Prohibitionist bloc that William Jennings Bryan, the Great Commoner, had led until his death in 1925, and the urban bloc, largely Catholic and "wet," mainly concentrated in the East, which Bryan had called "the enemy's country." In their intense suspicion of each other, the two wrangling camps had taken 44 ballots to nominate a compromise presidential candidate in 1920, and an exhausting 103 ballots in 1924. Having lost badly with both compromises, Ohio Publisher-Politician James M. Cox in 1920 and West Virginia Lawyer John W. Davis in 1924, the Democrats in 1928 turned to a man who unmistakably spoke for the Eastern big-city wets. At the Democratic Convention in Houston, held a fortnight after the Republican Convention, Al Smith won the nomination on the first ballot.

Alfred Emanuel Smith, 54, was a living exemplar of the American Dream, big-city version. A laborer's son, he was born and raised in a shabby Irish neighborhood in Manhattan's decaying Lower East Side, left school for good at 14, a month short of completing the eighth grade, to work for a carting firm as a \$3-a-week dispatcher's helper. Industrious, personable, and gifted with a flair for oratory, he early caught the eye of

the Fourth Ward's Democratic political chieftains, fellow Irishmen all. When he was 21, a Fourth Ward politico got him a job in the office of the commissioner of jurors, serving jury duty summonses, and from there the ladder of politics led upward. Elected to the state assembly in 1903 at 29, he became speaker of the assembly in 1913. In 1918 he won the first of his four two-year terms as Governor of New York. An energetic and dedicated Governor, he reorganized the state administrative structure, overcame the Governor v. legislature impasse that had bogged down previous administrations, pushed through a series of social-welfare measures, notably school construction, public housing and child-labor restrictions.

By 1924 Smith was a serious contender for the Democratic presidential nomination. Picked to make the speech nominating Smith at the 1924 convention, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who had been the party's vice-presidential candidate in 1920, and was recovering from his polio attack, applied to him a tag that stuck for the rest of Smith's life. Quoting from an 1807 poem by William Wordsworth, Roosevelt wound up the speech with:

*This is the Happy Warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.**

For millions of big-city workers, children and grandchildren of immigrants, Happy Warrior Smith, grandson of immigrants, was a symbol of hopes and aspirations, living proof that in America a boy born to poverty, a member of ethnic and religious minorities, could nevertheless rise very high. Smith's opposition to Prohibition appealed to the big-city minority groups, who looked upon the 18th Amendment as an imposition by the Protestant majority. But the very aspects of Al Smith that endeared him to big-city working-class Americans of Irish, Latin, Slavic and Jewish origins tended to repel older-stock Protestant Americans, some who were dedicated to Prohibition with religious fervor, and some who opposed Prohibition but joined in looking with dislike—or at least distrust—upon big cities, foreign accents and the Roman Catholic Church.

Even minor details about Al Smith and his campaign—his dudish brown derby, his *Sidewalks of New York* campaign song, the Bowery touches in his speech ("raddio," "hospitail," etc.)—grated on Americans west of the Hudson River, emphasizing for them his alien, big-city background. Kansas' William Allen White, widely heeded editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, expressed the fears and suspicions of a broad, bipartisan segment of the U.S. when he wrote that the "whole puritan civilization, which has built a sturdy, orderly nation, is threatened by Smith."

A subdued forenote of what was ahead for Al Smith in the 1928 campaign sounded in the *Atlantic Monthly* in April 1927, more than a year before the nominating convention. In an "open letter" to Governor Smith, an Episcopal New York lawyer named Charles C. Marshall challenged him to explain how his loyalty to the Roman Catholic

* Estimated increase during the Eisenhower era, 1953-60: 12%.



"A HEAVY LOAD FOR AL"

* Whether or not the tag helped Smith, it did help Roosevelt; he became known as the man who called Al Smith the Happy Warrior, but Roosevelt deserved little credit. The Wordsworth couplet (from the poem that was read at Grover Cleveland's funeral in 1908) was written into the nominating speech by its principal ghostwriter, New York Judge Joseph M. Proskauer. Roosevelt accepted the idea reluctantly, argued that the flourish was too literary for hardheaded convention delegates.

Church could be reconciled with the "American constitutional principles" separating church and state. Smith replied in the next issue, "I believe in the absolute separation of church and state," he said, "and in the strict enforcement of the provisions of the Constitution that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. I believe that no tribunal of any church has any power to make any decree of any force in the law of the land other than to establish the status of its own communicants within its own church."

In the Protestant attack on Smith after his nomination, opposition to him as a Catholic and opposition to him as a wet were inextricably entangled. People who were intensely hostile toward Catholicism were usually fervent drys. Since American traditions tended to inhibit direct assaults on religion, hostility to Smith's Catholicism was often expressed in denunciations of him as a servant of the Demon Rum.

The dry-Protestant campaign against Smith showed a ferocity that would be impossible in the more homogenized U.S. of 1960. He was referred to as "Alcohol Smith." Widely circulated stories reported him so drunk at public functions that cronies had to support him to keep him from falling down. The Ku Klux Klan issued a "Klarion Call for a Crusade" against him, attacked him repeatedly in the Klan publication, *Fellowship Forum*. A typical *Forum* cartoon showed what a Cabinet meeting would be like if Smith got elected: the Pope and a dozen fat priests sitting happily around the table, with Smith in bellboy livery, serving them liquor. Out in the boondocks Smith haters showed audiences a photograph of Governor Smith at the inauguration of New York City's Holland Tunnel in 1927, warned that he was planning to extend the tunnel to the basement of the Vatican if he got elected President.

Protestant clergymen openly joined in the attack. New York Baptist Minister John Roach Stratton, a leader of the nationwide Fundamentalist movement, denounced Smith as "the deadliest foe in America today of the forces of moral progress. Virginia's Methodist Bishop James Cannon Jr. thundered at Smith in sermons and pamphlets, organized a South-wide movement of drys dedicated to his defeat. Moderator Hugh K. Walker of the Presbyterian General Assembly called upon all Protestant churchmen to "fight to the bitter end the election of Alfred E. Smith."

In speech in Oklahoma City in September, Al Smith fired back, denounced the efforts to "inject bigotry, hatred, intolerance and un-American sectarian division" into the campaign. "Let the people of this country decide this election upon the great and real issues of the campaign," he cried, "and upon nothing else."

Smith tried hard to wage a campaign of issues—waterways development, tariff revision, easing of immigration restrictions etc.—but in prosperous, whoopee-minded 1928 it was all but impossible to stir up any public fervor about these matters. Smith's effort to appeal to farm-hilt discontent in his one major farm speech failed to dent the farmers' instinctive mistrust of a derby-wearing New Yorker. Hoover, who endeared himself to the drys by calling Prohibition "a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive," kept slugging away at the single issue of prosperity.

So lopsided was Smith's defeat in November that to many of his partisans it seemed to call for some special explanation. In electoral votes, losing by 87 to 444, Smith made a worse showing than Cox in 1920 or Davis in 1924. Cox had captured eleven states; Davis twelve; Smith carried only eight: six in the Deep South, plus Massachusetts and Rhode Island. He lost four Solid South states—Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Texas—that had unfailingly returned Democratic majorities since 1876.

Smith himself blamed his defeat on anti-Catholic bigotry. Through repetition over the years, this idea hardened into an axiom, often called the "unwritten law" of U.S. politics: no Roman Catholic can get elected President of the U.S. But Smith had special personal handicaps in his Bowery accent, his



THE AL SMITHS & DAUGHTER (LEFT), OMAHA, 1928

Tammany background. Moreover, it is highly doubtful that any Democrat—Catholic or Protestant, wet or dry, big-city or small-town—could have beaten Hoover in 1928. In addition to the prosperity claim, the Republicans had the enormous advantage of being, unlike the G.O.P. in 1960, the nation's majority party. Since 1860, the G.O.P.'s grip on the White House had been broken only under special circumstances: depression (Cleveland in 1884), third-party split-offs (Cleveland in 1862, Wilson in 1912) or war (Wilson in 1916).

In 1920 and again in 1924, the Democratic presidential candidate had failed to carry a single state outside the Solid South and the border states. In the off-year congressional elections of 1926, the G.O.P. preserved its majorities in both houses, a sure sign of contentment. In view of the feeble Democratic showings in 1920, 1924 and 1926, Franklin Roosevelt wrote to a friend in 1927 that it seemed impossible for any Democrat to win the presidency in 1928 if "the present undoubted general prosperity of the country continues." And continue it did—until seven months after Hoover's inauguration.

Perhaps the remarkable fact about Smith's showing in the election of 1928 was not that he ran so poorly in the South but that he ran so well in the North. He gathered 40.8% of the popular vote as against Cox's 34.1% in 1920 and Davis' 28.8% in 1924 (when the Progressive revolt under Wisconsin's Senator Robert La Follette took votes from both parties, but more from the Republicans than from the Democrats). In the nation's twelve biggest cities, which collectively had long returned a G.O.P. plurality in presidential elections, Smith won a net plurality of 38,000 votes as against a net of 1,252,000 for Coolidge in the same cities in 1924. Smith lost his own New York State, but, except for 1912 when Theodore Roosevelt split the Republican vote, it had not gone Democratic since 1892. And, except for 1912, the two Northern states that Smith did carry—Massachusetts and Rhode Island—had voted Republican consistently since 1860.

What happened in 1928 was that Smith's Catholicism and his opposition to Prohibition 1) lost him the votes of many Bryan Democrats, and 2) won him the votes of many city dwellers who had voted Republican in earlier years, or who had never before voted in a presidential election. The two-way shift showed up neatly in the Pennsylvania results: Smith lost the three traditionally Democratic rural counties that Cox and Davis had carried, but he won three traditionally Republican industrial counties.

It may be that Smith's Catholicism, to the extent that it can be disengaged from the Prohibition issue, gained him more votes than it lost him. If he had been a Protestant and nonetheless Al Smith in all other respects, the South might have remained solid (though he would still have lost many Southern votes as a big-city wet). But a Protestant Smith could not have carried heavily Catholic Massachusetts or Rhode Island or racked up a net plurality in the twelve biggest cities. It may be true that no Roman Catholic can get elected President of the U.S., but the election of 1928 did not prove it.

REPUBLICANS

The Hand & the Cloud

The great big hand that has reached down from the political summit to help Richard Nixon up the mountain to the presidency belongs to Dwight Eisenhower. The cloud no bigger than a man's hand that Nixon watches out of the corner of his eye is New York Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who has been notably cool toward Nixon and is not likely to endorse him until after the Chicago convention. Last week the big hand helped and the cloud darkened, while Nixon alternately beamed and frowned.

Introduced by Nixon to 7,000 Republican women gathered in Washington's Uline Arena, the President drew five bursts of applause in a single-paragraph endorsement for his Vice President. "Dick Nixon has been a credit to the Administration, our party and our country," said Ike, scanning the acres of new spring hats. "He has gained nearly eight years of added governmental experience at the highest level—a tour of seasoning unmatched in the nation's history. All of us know him as a man of integrity and deep faith—one who is intelligent, mature, and uniquely knowledgeable in the problems and personalities of the world scene."

Later in the week, at a White House meeting with 10 House Republican Policy Committee members, Ike said Nixon's recent decline in the Gallup poll (Nixon 47%; Kennedy 53%) resulted from the lack of news-generating controversy in the G.O.P. After both conventions, Ike believes, Nixon will overtake the Democratic nominee even in the straw polls.

New York's Rockefeller, who bowed out of the contest for the G.O.P. nomination last December ("I am not and shall not be a candidate"), came home from a vacation in Venezuela and frowned a rare frown for photographers. Then he was buoyantly off to launch a statewide crusade for all Republican candidates, including "the national Republican ticket." An aide explained that Rocky was not referring to any specific G.O.P. presidential candidate until nominated. And Rocky himself hinted he might need a convention draft ("I'd cross that bridge if it came"). Going farther in a prepared address, he reminded politicians that New York's 45 electoral votes are absolutely necessary for Republican victory in November.

Nobody knew this fact better than Dick Nixon, whose anxious aides worried that Rocky's decision to wait until after the Republican Convention to join the Nixon campaign might damage Nixon's chances to carry the state.

Birth-Control Aid

Vice President Richard Nixon checked his tight Washington schedule one afternoon last week, found he had time to drop by the Roosevelt Hotel for the Associated Church Press convention. He delivered



GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER
A punch for the ticket.

no formal talk, instead let the 100-odd Protestant church-paper editors raise any questions on their minds.

They were mainly worried about the recent flare-up of religion-in-politics issues. Answering one editor's question, Nixon deplored the fact that Democrat Jack Kennedy's Catholicism had been injected as an issue in the Wisconsin primary. Asked about President Eisenhower's December decision never to spend U.S. foreign aid funds for birth-control programs abroad, Nixon agreed that U.S. funds should not be used to promote birth control—or any other pet notions abroad. But if foreign governments "reach a decision that they want to limit population growth at a certain point and come to us for assistance," said he, "we should give it to them."

The editors cheered the birth-control statement. Then, after an hour of Nixon's informal tour among the issues, they sent him on with a burst of applause.

THE CONGRESS

Moment of Victory

Since 1846, when the U.S. Senate wrangled for two months over the Oregon resolution (which led to a treaty defining U.S.-British jurisdiction in the Pacific Northwest), no other debate ever made a bigger demand on Senate time and vocal cords. The Senate's civil rights debate began last Feb. 15 and ended, 53 days later, last week. In a swift vote, powered by an overwhelming, 71-to-18 majority, the Senate passed the 1960 civil rights bill and sent it back to the House for, hopefully, quick agreement by a floor vote. When that happens, the civil rights bill, anchored with a solid voting-rights guarantee for the South's Negroes, will be on the books.

The moment of victory was almost anticlimactic. There was no battering-ram closure vote to beat Southern filibusters into silence (although the Southern minority of 18 included the chairman of nine powerful Senate committees). The Senate galleries were virtually empty: not a cheer rang through the chamber. But, in a sense, the lack of dramatics was a tribute to superb legislative technique. Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and Republican Leader Everett Dirksen had allowed plenty of time for Northern liberals and Southern diehards to talk themselves out of election-year invective, then smoothly pushed through the House-approved (TIME, April 4) version of what was essentially the Administration's bill.

Bong & Whimper. The last hours of debate made the bill sound like a calamity. Shuddered Virginia's Democratic Harry Byrd: "I have never known such a determined effort to enact punitive legislation, most of which was unconstitutional and offensive to the South."

Illinois' Liberal Democrat Paul Douglas, in his distress over the supposed inadequacies of the bill, turned for solace to T. S. Eliot's *The Hollow Men*: "This is the way the world ends—Not with a bang but a whimper." And Pennsylvania's Democratic Joe Clark outdid all the melodrama by telling how he had surrendered his "sword" to the South's chief strategist, Richard Russell of Georgia. "Surely," cried Joe Clark, "the roles of Grant and Lee at Appomattox have been reversed." And then Clark wound up with a touching recital of four stanzas from *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

Six-Part Boost. The fact is that the Senate-approved civil rights bill is a moderate device that draws new safeguards around Southern Negroes, and tries to move them toward equality by way of the ballot box. In its six parts, the bill:

¶ Bolsters the authority of federal courts by making it a federal crime to obstruct any court orders "by threats or force." Originally, the Administration called for restricting this to court orders involving only school desegregation, but Southerners won their fight to expand the statute to all fields, e.g., labor disputes.

¶ Cracks down on bombing terrorists by making it a federal crime to escape across state lines (or from the U.S.) to avoid prosecution or testifying in cases of burning or bombing of any building or vehicle. Also a federal crime: transporting explosives across state lines for the purpose of damaging property, or making bombing threats by mail, telephone or telegraph.

¶ Helps federal investigators to spot voting frauds and discrimination by requiring that state election officials preserve for 22 months all registration and voting records in all elections for federal office.

¶ Steps up the authority of the Civil Rights Commission by empowering it to administer oaths to witnesses at hearings.

¶ Guarantees, through Department of Health, Education and Welfare action, continued education for servicemen's children in areas where desegregation orders result in school closings.

* As of last month, Kennedy was even further ahead, 61% to 59%, last July. Nixon was ahead 53% to 47% in January.

C Enables disenfranchised Negroes to seek redress through a voting-referee device enforced by a federal court. The Justice Department can go into federal court on behalf of a Negro who complains to a U.S. attorney that he has been refused his registration rights in local, state and federal elections. If the Negro's case is proved, the U.S. attorney can ask that the court determine whether a pattern of discrimination exists against Negroes in that area. If the court establishes this, the judge may appoint referees to hear applications from any other complaining Negroes. The referee may enroll any qualified Negro who can prove that he had tried to register and had been refused. In its original form, the voting-referee plan also established the right of referees to see that Negroes were allowed to vote and that their ballots were counted, but the Southerners won a point that struck out that provision.

The one area of agreement in the closing hours of the Senate's work last week lay in the bestowal of credit on the one man who did the most to steer the civil rights bill to victory. No less a Republican than Minority Leader Ev Dirksen rose in a warm salute to Democratic Leader Johnson. Said Dirksen, who ably led the Republican flank of the fight: "It took no courage on my part. But for the majority leader, who devoted his skill and talent and conviction and courage to the task, it is a remarkable tribute."

NEW JERSEY

The Case Case

Among the ten Republican Senators up for re-election this year, none have supported President Eisenhower's policies with more consistent fervor than New Jersey's spare (5 ft. 11½ in., 160 lbs.), studious Clifford Case, 56. Since he went to the Senate in 1955, Case has voted

with the Administration 83.6% of the time. With this record Case has won a reputation as a solid-gold Modern Republican, but he has lost support of many Old Guard Republicans back in New Jersey. To oppose Case in next week's primary election, Old Guardists have put up a hard-campaigning right-winger: Robert Morris, 45, longtime lieutenant of the late Joe McCarthy, sometime (on and off between 1951 and 1958) counsel of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. As a result, Cliff Case, who was elected by a whisker in 1954, is in another close race.

Stumping & Pumping. Working the way he thinks a Senator should, conscientious Cliff Case has spent far more time answering roll calls in Washington than mending fences in New Jersey. Local GOP politicos carp that he has lost touch with them, ignored them on federal patronage. Because he remained in Washington for the civil rights debate, Case has barely been able to campaign for the primary. One night last week, for example, Case flew into New York's La Guardia Airport at 8:30, sped off to a single political rally, hustled right back to catch an 11:30 plane out of La Guardia.

By sharp contrast, Morris has been stumping the state and pumping hands for the past 17 months—since shortly after he ran third in a field of three for the last Republican Senate nomination. His battered green Plymouth has rolled 63,000 miles into 20 of the state's 21 counties (v. five counties visited by Case in this campaign). In New Jersey supermarkets, Robert Morris has become as common a commodity as ripe eggplant. Bankrolled by New Jersey's platoon of wealthy, powerful ultraconservatives (among his top supporters: Johnson & Johnson Board Chairman Robert W. Johnson, Publicist James Seligay), Morris has blanketed the state with billboards and buttons, bought 392 one-minute radio spots a week. Incumbent Case's modest campaign is run out of a rent-free Newark basement by nonpaid workers.

Acrimony & Apathy. Both Case and Morris are running on Case's record. Case stresses that he has endorsed Ike on "the issues that count most in the maintenance of peace—mutual security, sensible defense spending, revision of the Connally Amendment on the World Court, reciprocal trade program, cultural and scientific exchanges." But Morris trumpets that Case has voted against Ike on "measures involving many billions of dollars . . . inflationary" housing bills, airport construction, shipping subsidies, excessive pensions, water-pollution control and federal aid to education." Charges a Morris broadside: "Senator Case has a long and consistent record of opposing legislation designed to protect the U.S. from Communist subversion."

But Morris takes the Fifth when asked about his own record as a key aide to Communist-Chaser McCarthy. Says he: "I'm running on my own record—not McCarthy's."

The party pros are markedly apathetic. Few have endorsed Case, which is indeed



Elliott Schell

SENATOR CASE
Bitter medicine from the bosses.

bitter medicine for an incumbent. Case is still favored to win—by a nose. But a sparse turnout on election day could hurt him. Not many more than one in four of the state's 1,200,000 registered Republicans are expected to vote in the primary.

MAINE

Religious Bus Ride

Most U.S. clergymen jump at an invitation to deliver the invocation or benediction at a major party's state political convention. But last week, in search of a Roman Catholic priest to share religious honors at the Republican convention late this month, Maine's Republican leaders tried seven priests, got seven turnowns. Both church and state knew why: at the legislature's special session in January, the G.O.P. majority in both houses defeated a drive by the Democratic minority to change the state school law, allow local communities the option of providing public-school bus service for parochial schools. The heavy Republican vote against the bill irritated Catholic clergy and laity, impatient after years of supporting church schools by contribution, public schools by taxes. "Can we always turn the other cheek?" demanded an editorial in the Portland diocese's official *Church World*. "Tolerance doesn't mean submission to everything."

Some irate customers took dead aim on ex-Dairyman Earle M. Hillman of Bangor, Republican senate president, who cast the deciding vote to defeat one version of the bill after a senate tie. So many customers canceled orders from Bangor's Footman-Hillman Dairy that the dairy's owners started painting Hillman's name off their trucks and explained that they had bought him out more than four years ago. Next, boycotters turned on another Bangor dairy owned by Hillman's son, heckled him, his family and his customers



CHALLENGER MORRIS
Billboards from the bigwigs.

until he went out of business last week. Democrats, whose prime vote getter is U.S. Senator Edmund S. Muskie, a Catholic, exploited the issue for a while; e.g., Congressman Frank Coffin, a Baptist, upheld the defeated local-option school-bus bill the day after announcing for Governor. But the harsh weapon of the boycott raised a cry of "intolerance" in the Bangor *News* and among Protestants, who make up 74.9% of Maine's population. Key Democrats decided that they must water down their school-bus proposal before their state convention opens April 23—featuring an invocation by a rabbi, prayer by a priest, benediction by a Congregational minister—or reap their share of trouble from the hottest religious division in state politics since the voting-strong Ku Klux Klan rode around heckling Maine Catholics in the '20s.

THE ADMINISTRATION The Unassuming American

Bent slightly forward on his aluminum crutches, lanky (5 ft. 4½ in.) Secretary of State Christian Archibald Herter, 65, walked slowly down the aisle of the State Department auditorium one day last week for his ninth press conference. As he reached the lectern, the beetle-browed Secretary put aside his crutches (arthritics), leaned against the edge of a stool and faced 50 newsmen. In a precisely timed half-hour, they asked 39 questions ranging across U.S. policy from the Communist threat in Cuba (*see HEMISPHERE*) to highly technical details of East-West nuclear test-ban negotiations in Geneva, to the likely impact of U.S. weather satellite *Tiros I* on the legal status of outer space. To each question, Herter replied in measured, carefully framed sentences, without benefit of prepared statement.

Chris Herter's deft, competent performance produced no sensational headlines; yet it added to the image of strength created since he succeeded the late John Foster Dulles a year ago. Lacking the self-assertive flair of Dulles or of Harry Truman's Secretary Dean Acheson, Secretary Herter sometimes seemed to blend invisibly with the antiseptic corridors of the State Department. But despite his self-effacing manner, Herter's certainty of purpose has won growing respect from President Eisenhower, State Department aides and the capital's most critical press corps.

Great Asset. "Herter's taking over from Foster Dulles was a hard pill for the President to swallow," said a White House intimate. "It would have been a hard pill for the President for anyone to follow Foster, because there was a very close relationship there." Moreover, Herter's first year began somewhat awkwardly. Informed by Ike that he had been chosen to succeed Dulles, Herter quickly had the head-to-toe physical examination requested by the President, was embarrassed when the appointment was delayed while the results (satisfactory) were flown to vacating Eisenhower in Augusta, Ga.

The self-consciously new Secretary made no attempt to emulate Dulles' per-

sonal diplomacy. Instead, he encouraged maximum use of a great foreign-policy asset—the worldwide respect and affection for Dwight Eisenhower. His relationship with the President grew from formality to confidence. Herter now meets weekly with Eisenhower by appointment; sees him before or after weekly meetings of the Cabinet and National Security Council, confers frequently by phone.

While advancing Ike's personal diplomacy, Herter, sometime (1953-57) Governor of Massachusetts, effectively administers a vast department staffed by 8,253 Foreign Service officers and 4,548 civil service employees. Though not a career diplomat, he behaves like one. He asks advice of subordinates, is a good listener. "Herter just doesn't see things in the black-and-white terms that Dulles did," says a department policy planner. Faced with Soviet bluster, Dulles was inclined

Asia, in Japan, in Latin America, and has even lifted (by dint of presidential diplomacy) Khrushchev's Berlin ultimatum.

In the Administration's remaining nine months, Herter hopes to lessen "the dangers of the Frankenstein monsters we have created in the war machines of the world," with the first shackle on the nuclear monster possibly a test-ban treaty. But last week Chris Herter characteristically promised no international utopia in his speech to the National Association of Broadcasters in Chicago. "We can hardly move forward confidently in negotiating new arms-control agreements with the Soviet Union if our existing agreements with them about Berlin are meanwhile being violated," said he. "If anyone looks for dramatic achievements at the summit, he may be disappointed."

DEFENSE

Accent on Offense

Working on the theory that a strengthened offense is the surest defense, U.S. military men are marching toward the clearest definition of U.S. defense policy since World War II. They are steadily slowing down spending for purely defensive weapons and shifting the funds into harder-hitting, faster-moving weapons of offense. Last week President Eisenhower took the biggest step yet, approved an \$800 million Pentagon proposal to:

- ¶ Boost the number of operational Atlas ICBMs from 124 to 142 by the end of 1962, and speed production of train-borne, solid-fuel Minuteman ICBMs.
- ¶ Prepare for six more Polaris-firing subs, for a total force of 21 in 1965, by starting to build such long-lead parts as reactors (construction time: 42 months).
- ¶ Step up, by a year or even 18 months, the Midas satellite early warning system and the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS).

The President's decision underscored his conviction that, by judiciously selecting its first-striking weapons and eliminating those of secondary strategic importance, the U.S. can build an adequate deterrent force within the \$41 billion defense budget. Last week's speedup in offensive weapons stays within that limit. The money for it, and an extra \$9 million to boot, will come from scrapping two non-missile nuclear subs—designed mostly for anti-submarine warfare—and by slashing into programs for the BOMARC anti-bomber missile and its SAGE electronics net (TIME, April 4).

Those basically defensive weapons have become less effective as offensive weapons have become more sophisticated. World War II showed how difficult it was to stop attacking planes; no U.S. bombing raid was ever beaten back, and the worst loss rate suffered by the German Luftwaffe in the Battle of Britain was 8% per mission. In the age of missiles and megatons, the problem is even more complex—and costly. To create the Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile system would cost the U.S. an estimated \$14 billion—more than the entire Atlas program—and then no one



Walter Bennett

SECRETARY HERTER
Deftness instead of dramatics.

to gather newsmen for an off-record session, gaze at the ceiling, click his tongue and colorfully rebuke Khrushchev. Herter replies with greater speed, and usually with a documented statement that catches the Russians by the specifics. Yet, far from abandoning Dulles' style entirely, Herter has actually stepped up the jet-tying diplomacy essential to Western alliances. In his first year Dulles traveled 78,027 miles at home and abroad; Herter's first year sent him winging 84,146 miles.

Frankenstein Peril. In a year of diplomatic junketing by all heads of state, Herter's travels have produced no dramatics—either soaring victories or crashing defeats. "The method of doing business has changed," says a ranking State Department official. "The element of immediate crisis has been held in abeyance. Whether it will recur after the summit, I don't know." Yet, in Herter's year, the U.S. has strengthened its position in the Middle East, in Communist-menaced Southeast



FLOOD WATERS BREAKING ON CALDWELL FARM NEAR MEYER, ILL.
"You can't tame the old Mississippi—I don't give a damn how you levee it."

could dream that it would knock out every nuclear-nosed missile. Last week the Army's chief of staff, General Lyman Lemnitzer, sadly surrendered hope of prying loose \$1.37 million in Nike-Zeus funding now bottled up by the Budget Bureau (although Nike-Zeus is still in the budget for \$324 million of research and development funds).

The new emphasis is more and more on deterrence. Military planners figure that the best way to prevent war is to perfect and produce the kind of retaliatory weapons that could survive any attack and then go on to devastate the aggressor. That means that the U.S. will rely more and more on early warning systems, heavy and accurate firepower such as Strategic Air Command bombers and Atlases have today, and the maximum amount of invulnerability—such as the mobile Minuteman and the underwater Polaris will boast tomorrow.

RIVERS

The Rite of Spring

On a cold and starless night early last week, gaunt, red-eyed men patrolled the Mississippi levees near the Illinois town of Meyer (pop. 73), 18 miles upriver from Quincy. They walked in an eerie bath of spotlights, casting their flashlight beams over the tops and sides of the sand-and-soil embankments, looking for soil that had chinked away and for the brown tongue of the river flicking over the top. On the riverside, the great Mississippi growled heavily along, swollen by spring rains and by the countless acres of melting snow that boiled into the feeder streams and into the big river itself. The spring floods—the annual ritual of turbulence and destruction on the Mississippi—had begun, trying once again the dogged perseverance of the thousands of families along the river.

Along the levees, hope was scarce. Aid-ed by police, Red Cross workers, National Guardsmen and college youngsters, the farmers worked round the clock to raise the levee with sandbags as the river continued to rise. Farmer Elmer Meyer was prepared for the worst: "If we had a million sandbags we couldn't do it," he said. "It's awful. We have to keep making the levee higher where the water is topping over and we can't strengthen it in back. You can't tame the old Mississippi—I don't give a damn how you levee it."

The Break. Then it happened. At 1:55 in the morning the levee broke on Joe Caldwell's rich soybean, corn and wheat bottom land. Nobody was right on the spot as the swollen river exploded through the levee, but everybody heard the agonizing roar of water as it rushed over the top and tore a hole in the dike. Instantly, state highway patrol cars sped through the area with red lights spinning and sirens shrieking; it was the signal to move out.

Joe Caldwell rushed to his green-shuttered farmhouse. His wife Carol met him at the door and read his face: "I guess it's gone," she said. Replied Caldwell, 50: "Yup, Mamma. Don't try to get anything. Get everybody in the car." Mrs. Caldwell went upstairs and got Son Dan, 9, and his ready-packed bundle of blue jeans and shirts, and they packed into the family Ford with their daughter and niece. Joe Caldwell drove the truck; another son, John, 14, released the ducks from the breeder house, then mounted his Arabian horse Lightning and led the procession slowly out of the bottom land.

The river moved in and rose, flooding 28,500 acres in the district. After dawn, farmers returned to their land in boats, opening windows in farmhouses to ease the pressure on the walls. First-aid crews boated through the village of Meyer to check on the diehards who stayed behind

to stick it out. Widow Corny Lloyd, 82, who had slept in her attic, snorted: "I could have slept downstairs in my bedroom, but I didn't want to put my feet out in cold water. I'm webfooted. I watched to see it come in and I'll watch to see it go out. I recall the 1944 flood, when it came in gradual. It crept in like a cat creeping after a mouse through the wheat fields. But this one came in all of a sudden. Just busted across the road."

The Comeback. As the week wore on, the river relented. In the town men in boats cruised up and down the streets salvaging furniture and other possessions. In the fields, mice clung to cornstalks, cats perched in trees, sows and anxious little pigs sunned and scampered on the high stretches of levee that held. Throughout the whole flood area between Keokuk, Iowa and Hannibal, Mo., Army engineers and other officials counted the damages of the spring floods at \$9,000,000—remarkably small compared with the good old days before the massive dam system slowed the major tributaries. But nothing had changed the sting of personal hurt. Farmer Caldwell's buildings and perhaps his farmhouse were ruined. About 160 acres of his good bottom land were suffocated by the sand that had been dumped over them. And a 50-acre lake, 40 ft. deep, had been gouged into his land.

Still, like the men along the Mississippi who come back every year after every flood, Joe Caldwell was not quitting. "You can't get flood insurance," said he. "You can't get act-of-God insurance—he never came around and tried to sell me any. But I hardly think I'll move out of the bottom. I've made what few dimes I've got out there, and I don't know how to make a living anywhere else." Added Mrs. Caldwell: "A lot of our land will be ruined. But we'll be back there. This is part of living. We might as well laugh. It's a good show, and we're paying for it."

FOREIGN NEWS

SOUTH AFRICA The Assassin of Milner Park

The tall, white-haired Prime Minister beamed as he walked back to his box after inspecting the prize cattle at the annual Rand Show in Johannesburg's Milner Park. It was a warm, sunny Saturday, and Hendrik Verwoerd's speech had been particularly suitable for the 50th anniversary of South African nationhood. "We shall not be killed!" he shouted to the thousands of whites in the grandstand. "We shall fight for our existence, and we shall survive." He took his seat beside his wife Betsie, not noticing David Pratt, a wizpy, 54-year-old Transvaal farmer in green tweeds, who clambered briskly up the concrete steps behind the Prime Minister, flashing his exposition-committee-man's lapel badge to get past the husky detectives.

Mounting a photographer's chair to get closer to the Prime Minister, the stranger spoke, and Verwoerd turned to shake the hand of a presumed greeter. Instead he stared at the point-blank muzzle of a .38 automatic. Pratt fired twice, and South Africa's Prime Minister lay on the concrete aisle, blood spurting from two holes in his cheek and ear. His wife flung her arms around him, crying "What's happened? What's happened?" Then she fainted. Verwoerd's personal bodyguard, Major Carl Richter, was a few feet away when, belatedly, he realized what had happened and fainted too.

Seized by astonished guards, Pratt was hustled through the angry crowd, crying "God help me!" Verwoerd was laid on a stretcher, rushed to Johannesburg's Gen-

eral Hospital.* After tense waiting, word came from the surgery: Verwoerd's jaw was shattered in two places, and his palate was punctured, but he would live.

Eclectic Farmer. The assassin's motive was still not clear, although he was known to hate Verwoerd's National Party. Born in England, Pratt was educated at Cambridge, has lived for 17 years in a 25-room mansion on his 1,000 acres of the rich veld 20 miles west of Johannesburg; there he breeds prize Ayrshires and, in a concrete-lined trout run, raises fish for Johannesburg restaurants. A gentle, kind man who collects guns, Pratt has a history of epilepsy and a tendency toward sudden violence. Last year, after his Dutch wife left him for another man, he arrived at Amsterdam's airport with a gun in his pocket and proclaimed his intention of killing her. Chief worry: that the shooting of the Afrikaners' leader by an *Engelsman* would deepen the long Boer hostility toward the English-speaking whites.

The nation's Africans could be thankful that the assassin was white. If he had been black, a blood bath might have followed. For the blacks, the week had already been bitter enough as Verwoerd's police and

* The world press, out in force to cover the Prime Minister's speech, was caught with its pencils down. Most had seen no one person蠢蠢欲动 to write their stories; *Time Correspondent* Leslie Griggs left, saying casually, "If someone was going to shoot Verwoerd, he'd have done it by now." One of the few journalists on the spot Britain's olympian Rebecca West, covering for the London *Sunday Times*, Sample West prose: "A man got on his seat and shouted 'Shame to Johannesburg!' but that was the only fierce reaction; the sluggishness and remoteness of the afternoon persisted."

troops relentlessly worked to stamp out the dying embers of revolt. Chief quarry was the ringleaders who still urged blacks to stay at home rather than return to their jobs in white men's shops and factories.

Outside Cape Town, where a cordon of helmeted soldiers and sailors surrounded 100,000 beleaguered Africans in Nyanga and Langata townships, police launched lightning raids from dawn to dusk. The cops broke into the squalid homes at random, flogging the hapless inhabitants with whips and shouting "Go to work." In one foray, more than 1,500 were herded away to police stations for questioning.

Roving police squads sped through the main streets of Cape Town itself, swinging sjamboks (leather whips) and grabbing "intimidators" who, according to Justice Minister François Erasmus, "stood at street corners giving certain signs" to keep Africans from going to work. Near Durban, African stay-at-homes stoned and beat other natives returning from work in town. Black police carrying Zulu-style shields and assasags (short spears), moved in, killing four and wounding 20.

New Passes. By week's end, the "locations" at both Cape Town and Durban were cowed. Most workers were back at their jobs, and the hapless blacks who had burned their passes in the first emotional days of violence were lamely queuing up for new ones (at \$2.80 apiece) at government offices. Without the hated passbooks, no job was possible, for the authorities were warning white employers of severe penalties for hiring workers without them.

But it was clearly just the end of a skirmish; few doubted that the real battle lay ahead—perhaps not too far ahead. Arraigned in court at Johannesburg under the tough emergency regulations, Robert Mangaliso Sobukwe, head of the militant Pan-African Congress, was defiant. "We are going underground," he warned even as the legislators in Cape Town took the final vote to ban both his group and the bigger, older African National Congress. The nervous police soon got proof that this was not an idle boast. Scores of A.N.C. leaders had escaped arrest in the confusion of the first raids; ten of them, including young Joe Matthews, head of the A.N.C. Youth League, and Moses Mabhida, top African trade union leader, were already operating from hidden outposts, issuing mimeographed instructions to their followers in several cities.

On the Beaches. Until the shots ripped into Hendrik Verwoerd's face, many whites could still remain unconcerned. The beaches and cocktail lounges of Durban were crowded with holidaying Transvaalers oblivious of the violence on the city's outskirts, and in bustling Johannesburg, business went on much as usual. But even among the whites, opposition to Verwoerd's policies was growing. For the first time, Afrikaner and English-speaking business groups spoke out. Their objec-



SOUTH AFRICA'S VERWOERD AFTER ATTACK
Until the shots, many whites could still remain unconcerned.



GILLIATT



ROSSE

ARMSTRONG-JONES
London Times

Eccentricities and a bit of jaudice.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Second Best Man

Columns of advice to the lovelorn frequently warn of dangers ahead when lovers come from widely different backgrounds and environment. In London last week, Princess Margaret and her commoner fiancé, Photographer Antony Armstrong-Jones, were discovering how right the columnists can be.

The major shock of the week was the announcement that Jeremy Fry, 35, a long-time bohemian friend of Tony Armstrong-Jones, had withdrawn as best man at the royal wedding next month. The stated reason: a recurrence of jaundice. When clamorous newsmen asked if Fry were stepping down for any reason apart from his health, a royal spokesman replied: "No comment." The sensational Sunday newspaper, *The People*, breathlessly revealed that in 1952 Fry had been arrested in Hyde Park, fined £2 after pleading "guilty to a minor offense," and stated in court, "I'm afraid I was rather drunk."

Too Conspicuous. In fact, the more closely palace officials looked at Tony's friends and family, the more uneasy they became at the burgeoning of eccentricities. Tony has two stepmothers, one an actress presently married to an Italian lawyer named Giuseppe Lopez, the other a former airline hostess. (His mother, sister of Stage Designer Oliver Messel, is now married to the Earl of Rosse.) Also distressing is the zest with which foreign newspapers are exploring Tony's lively past. Last week the Paris *France-Dimanche* reported that Tony is expected to get rid of such old friends as a Hindu guitarist, a bistro owner, assorted models and cover girls, noted that two weeks ago, Tony's step-aunt, Lady Bridget Parsons, was arrested and charged with drunken driving. Tony's erstwhile great and good friend, a Chinese actress named Jackie Chan, was all too conspicuous in the British press; last week she announced that she had just cut her first record (*I But No One Knows and Gentlemen Please*) because "it seems a good time for it to be released."

Before Britons' eyes, the glitter of the

tion was simple: the disturbances were jeopardizing the economy. Jan Moolman, chairman of the Wool Board, called on the government to "amend their policies—or else." Peter Mosenthal, a textile manufacturer who is president of the Port Elizabeth Chamber of Commerce, declared: "The time has arrived when organized commerce must speak. The Bantu certainly have legitimate grievances."

Churchmen were in the vanguard of the demands for reform, except for the Afrikaner Dutch Reformed leaders, who remained silent. Durban's Roman Catholic Archbishop Denis Hurley warned bluntly that "Africans are determined to have political participation in their future, and I don't see how white South Africa can face up to it fast enough." The Anglican archbishop of Cape Town, Netherlands-born Joost de Blank, announced that he was sending a representative to Geneva to ask the World Council of Churches to expel the South African Dutch Reformed Church unless it takes a stand against Verwoerd's harsh racism. Johannesburg's Anglican Bishop R. A. Reeves, an outspoken defender of black rights, fled to nearby Swaziland for fear of imminent arrest.

Skunk Status. Abroad, criticism mounted. In London, the House of Commons passed an unprecedented resolution of condemnation of a Commonwealth partner's domestic policy, auguring trouble ahead when South Africa's delegate shows up for the Commonwealth prime ministers' conference in May. At this rate, wailed *Die Burger*, the Nationalist mouthpiece, South Africa would soon achieve "permanent status as the skunk of the world." Foreign Minister Eric Louw was unmoved. "We will not hand over control of South Africa to a native majority," he told a radio interviewer. "South Africa has gotten used to being slandered for the past 14 years."

At week's end, the government had 100,000 men under arms to keep internal peace. This was almost half the size of the entire force mustered by South Africa for service in World War II. It seemed a fair measure of the cost, in time, money and peace of mind, of maintaining *apartheid's* unequal balance.



CHAN

FRY
Associated Press

wedding was fading. Even the palace itself seems determined to downgrade it. For the first time in the memory of protocol experts, civilian guests will be permitted to wear lounge suits if they do not prefer to honor the occasion with morning dress. The route to and from Westminster Abbey will be so short—it can be walked in seven minutes—that the waiting crowds will have little opportunity to cheer. Royalty abroad was behaving coolly. Margaret's closest European relative, King Olaf of Norway, sent his regrets and those of his son, Prince Harald, because of a "previous obligation." The obligation: the 200th anniversary of the Norwegian Society of Sciences in Trondheim. Other pleas of "prior engagements" were arriving from continental royalty.

Surprise Invitation. By week's end the nervous and harried bridegroom had found a new best man. He is Dr. Roger W. Gilliatt, 37, a London nerve specialist and the son of a former physician to Queen Elizabeth. Dr. Gilliatt accepted the invitation with pleasure, but admitted to newsmen that he was also surprised to be asked to be best man, since he did not know Tony Armstrong-Jones that well. Obviously, the best man had not been found among Tony's best friends.

FRANCE

Hands Across the Channel

The visit began awkwardly. Charles de Gaulle, President of France, seemed nervous, almost defensive, when he stepped off the train in London's Victoria Station to be greeted by Queen Elizabeth. He was 20 years older and 25 pounds heavier than when he had arrived as an exile in 1940. But to many Britons, De Gaulle was still a symbol of icy authoritarianism, a man both proud and touchy who could satisfy his notions of grandeur only by pointlessly exploding A-bombs in the Sahara. As he and the Queen rode to Buckingham Palace in an open carriage, the London crowds watched in chilly politeness.

Precious Encouragements. But within a matter of hours, there was a startling change in public opinion. The change was the work of De Gaulle himself. After laying a wreath at the statue of Marshal



Associated Press

DE GAULLE & QUEEN ELIZABETH
An outstretched hand warmed the chill.

Foch, France's World War I commander. De Gaulle suddenly turned away from the waiting VIPs and strode into the watching throng, began pumping hands. At his first-night banquet in the state ballroom of Buckingham Palace, De Gaulle displayed unabashed emotion and proud remembrance. Thanking Britain for assuming the burden of war after the fall of France, he recalled the "most precious encouragements" he had received from the royal family. Turning to Queen Elizabeth, De Gaulle said with feeling, "Where else, Madame, better than in your presence, could I bear witness to my gratitude?"

Grand Girandole. Pomp and circumstance attended him. He stood on a floodlit, red and gold balcony above St. James's Park to watch a cacophonous fireworks display including "The Cross of Lorraine," a "Grand Girandole of Shells and Mines," and finally, "Ten Signal Aerial Maroons Exploded at a Great Height." Cracked a London newsman: "The explosive power of the demonstration probably equaled one French A-bomb."

De Gaulle spent a cordial half-hour with his old friend and antagonist, Sir Winston Churchill. Addressing the combined Houses of Parliament in the high-raftered magnificence of Westminster Hall, he launched into an eloquent, 20-minute address that proved to be a long paean of praise for things British. Almost wistfully, De Gaulle noted that "with you, in the political field, tradition, loyalty and the rules of the game are so strong that your government is quite naturally endowed with cohesion and endurance. Your Parliament, for the duration of each legislature, has an assured majority, and the government and this majority are always in tune."

Two-Faced Ally. The British press fell into a rosy glow of pleased embarrassment. The Manchester *Guardian* ran an editorial saying that Britons were not all as won-

derful as De Gaulle thought. Even the left-wing press, while dutifully remembering Algeria and the French A-bomb, generally agreed with the *New Statesman's* contention that the British public "recognizes that its old ally has two faces and is prepared to give De Gaulle the benefit of the doubt and concede that he represents the one which we admire and respect."

At the official level, De Gaulle achieved little. Speaking as a man without any stockpile of A-bombs of his own, De Gaulle repeated his proposal that all nuclear weapons should be destroyed and forsaken by everyone. Apparently, he is undeterred by the probability that the destruction of atomic weapons would simply restore military primacy to the nation with the most potent conventional armed forces. Staunchly convinced that Europe's future depends upon the close collaboration of France with Germany, he gave Prime Minister Harold Macmillan little sympathy in his plea for a showdown in establishment of the Common Market.

But at week's end De Gaulle could return to France well content. Problems aplenty remained, but France and Britain seemed once more united by the bonds of sincere fellow feeling that have supported them through two major wars in this century. Their disagreements are in method, not in purpose.

Trouble Back Home

Implicit in De Gaulle's tribute to the British version of parliamentarianism was his longstanding contempt for the system as it is practiced in France. But ironically, in the midst of his triumphal visit to Britain, his scorn had brought his popularity at home to its lowest ebb since he took power in 1958.

Most conspicuous among the discontented were France's farmers, who find themselves in a painful economic squeeze caused by De Gaulle's abolition of the parity index linking farm and industrial prices. A month ago, a majority of France's Deputies demanded a special National Assembly session on the farm problem. De Gaulle flatly—and probably unconstitutionally—refused (TIME, March 28). Denied an outlet for their grievances through normal political channels, 400,000 peasants last week turned out across the length and breadth of France in protest demonstrations. In the Breton town of Quimper, farmers in clogs, smocks and broad-brimmed velvet hats blockaded the railway station for three hours, were herded back from the city hall only by police baton charges. At Sens, 60 miles south of Paris, another 3,000 peasants fought a pitched battle with steel-helmeted riot cops, shouting, "We will not be serfs of the Fifth Republic."

Even within the Gaullist U.N.R.—the political mainstay of Premier Michel Debré's Cabinet—there is dissension. Many U.N.R. wheeler-dealers openly sympathize with tough Jacques Soustelle—the man whom De Gaulle fired as Minister of the Sahara for showing undue sympathy toward the European insurgents of Algiers last January. Soustelle recently organized

an "Information Center on the Problems of Algeria and the Sahara," makes no bones of his intention of offering "intellectual support" to Algeria's De Gaulle-hating settlers and their friends in the French army.

Asked last week whether he thought De Gaulle fully aware of the depth of France's increasing domestic discord, ambitious Jacques Soustelle enigmatically replied: "He is not, shall we say, as conscious of these problems as I am."

WEST GERMANY

The Ink of Hate

For months, the Russian propaganda machine has been hurling epithets at West Germany, and the closer the summit comes, the thicker the epithets come. In the Moscow press, Konrad Adenauer's ministers are "Hitler rabble" and "Nazi criminals." When swastikas were found over his signature on the guest book after his visit to Washington's National Gallery of Art last month, *Izvestia* charged that Adenauer himself had drawn them. When the West German government finally lashed back last week with an angry note protesting Khrushchev's "obvious untruthfulness," Moscow not only rejected the note as "slanderous" but produced a new propaganda gimmick: an elaborate mock war-criminal trial of one of Adenauer's Cabinet ministers.

Target (*in absentia*) was stoeky, heavy-jowled Refugee Minister Theodor Oberländer, 54. Soviet and foreign newsmen, photographers and TV cameramen were summoned to the October Hall of Moscow's House of Unions. Before a panel including a well-known geneticist, a ranking Orthodox prelate and a retired lady fighter pilot, some ten "witnesses" testified to Oberländer's purported participation in wartime Nazi atrocities.

The charges were old, and Oberländer promptly denounced them as "monstrous lies." But there was no doubt that he had been a dedicated Nazi. Adenauer had long overlooked Oberländer's past because as a Refugee Party leader, he brought the government strong support from West Germany's 10 million refugees. But Moscow's sideshow came at a time when opposition Socialists and a growing number of Adenauer's Christian Democrats were arguing that Oberländer had become a political liability both at home and abroad. Last week, faced with a Socialist threat of a parliamentary investigation to look into Oberländer's record, Adenauer gave in. Oberländer was sent off on a "holiday" until May 1—when he will be eligible for an \$8,500 pension and then "retire."

Predictably the Communists began baying for the resignation of the Bonn government's other prominent ex-Nazi—Interior Minister Gerhard Schröder. At this point Western governments ostentatiously closed ranks with their much-villified friends in Bonn. With an almost audible sigh of relief, West German newspapers headlined Secretary of State Herter's Chicago speech rejecting Khrushchev's charges of Nazi militarism in Bonn as



Ice-cold Coca-Cola helps you or the people who work for you be really refreshed . . . be more efficient, more alert. Only sparkling Coca-Cola has that cheerful lift, that cold crisp taste that so deeply satisfies.

Coke on the job keeps workers refreshed!

To Europe With Love

Say your good-byes. It's all ashore that's going ashore.

Suddenly your stateroom empties onto the deck and you're waving from the rail at faces below. A tingling of anticipation touches you as the ship ups anchor, gracefully bows out to sea.

Good-bye land!

Soon the last shapes of earth stretch into penciled lines between sea and sky. Strange feeling.

Gingerly, at first, you try on your new horizon-to-horizon world.

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Living room.

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But right now your heart is here, as you play, laugh, dine, enjoy your way to Europe with people who were just nameless strangers a skyline ago. People you will remember warmly and forever for having shared your ship with you.

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"completely without foundation," and De Gaulle's tribute in London to "our common ally." As for the British, foreign experts pointed out that the attacks on Bonn were no doubt designed to divert attention from the Communists' harsh new farm program, which has collectivized all but 10% of East Germany's tillable land and sent 13,400 refugees pouring into West Germany in the last month.

RUSSIA

The Riot at Temir-Tau

"Things are bad, very bad!" shouted Nikita Khrushchev last January, summarily firing Nikolai Belyaev, his viceroy for the virgin-land region of Soviet Kazakhstan. But just how bad things were on the Soviet's wild frontier is only now evident. The fact is that last October 3,000 young Communist pioneers staged a strike that turned into a small rebellion.

The "disruption," as Belyaev's successor euphemistically called it in an otherwise frank speech last month, took place in the city of Temir-Tau (pop. 54,000), where some 3,000 Komsomol pioneers had been assigned to build a huge steel plant. They were members of that army of 500,000 young zealots who have volunteered in the last four years to go and work in Soviet Central Asia for the greater glory of Khrushchev. But long months of abuse had disillusioned them. Instead of promised new quarters, they were still living in tents. The food was bad. They got only 30¢ a day while local laborers pulled down ten times as much.

One night a band of 50 angry Komsomols set fire to their communal eating shack, marched on a sort of marketplace a mile away and began looting stores and kiosks. They set up barricades, and their ranks quickly swelled to 1,500 irate young Communists. They caught and hanged the local police chief at his station door, next morning ambushed three truckloads of troops hurrying up from Karaganda and snatched their arms.

For two days the embattled Komsomols stood off troops rushed in by the authorities. Midway through the third afternoon, a doctor at the local hospital reported that 91 people had been killed and hundreds wounded. That afternoon the troops pulled back briefly while 2,500 unarmed members of the "Workers' Militia" brought in from nearby factories advanced toward the rebels' department-store headquarters to persuade them to surrender. When the Komsomols responded with stones, the militia withdrew. But the troops returned that night, smashed all resistance.

Moscow rushed in a new security chief, sacked local party and trade-union officials, ordered emergency shipments of felt shoes, fur hats, overcoats, tea and bread. The pioneers of Temir-Tau also got a modest raise in pay.

It was the biggest defiance of authority in the Soviet Union since the workers at Moscow's Kaganovich ball-bearing plant struck for higher wages and better working conditions just after the 1956 Warsaw and Budapest risings.

PORTUGAL

A Fado for José

Under the bland rule of Dictator António de Oliveira Salazar, 70, Portugal has slumbered for more than a quarter century. Occasionally the nation of 11,450,000 seems on the point of waking, e.g., in 1958, when General Humberto Delgado (now in exile in Brazil) broke all the rules by campaigning seriously for the presidency. Last year Portugal twitched again when the government announced that it had smashed a military plot to overthrow aging Dr. Salazar. Among those arrested: handsome Captain José de Almeida Santos, 30, a cavalry officer with a record of



CAPTAIN SANTOS
The shoes were on wrong.

distinguished service in the Portuguese colonies of Goa and Mozambique.

Clapped into prison at Elvas, 135 miles from Lisbon, Captain Santos set about plotting his escape: "The government does not honor its own laws, and I would not receive a fair trial," he told a prison friend. With the help of another prisoner and a sympathetic jail guard, Santos escaped last November. He was met outside the jail by his young mistress, Maria José Sequeira, who drove Santos and his two friends to a cabin hideout near the Spanish border. As time went on, the others made their way to safety in France, but Captain Santos remained behind in the cabin.

Last week, on the lovely beach at the fashionable resort of Guincho, near Lisbon, a fisherman's dog dug into the sand, uncovered a shallow grave in which lay the body of a man. He had been shot in the back of the head and through the heart, was dressed in a sweater, grey trousers and black shoes—placed on the wrong feet. The dead man was identified as Captain José Santos.

The political opposition blamed his death on the police; the police, as is cus-

tomary in Portugal, blamed it on the Communists. But whoever committed the murder, the story of handsome Captain Santos and his beauteous mistress captured public imagination and brought on a rash of clandestine poems and *fados* (wailing songs of lost love). Said one *fado* for Jose last week:

*They killed him from behind, not in front,
Sand dunes, storms and rain covered up
the act:
The newspapers and the police covered
up the rest.*

MAURITANIA Hope in the Desert

A volley from the muskets of blue-turbaned Moorish guards rattled in the desert air as the Air France DC-4 taxied to a halt. Smiling, the youthful figure, natty in a grey suit, stepped out to greet the waiting throng. White-bearded Moorish tribesmen in flowing robes pumped his hand, and wives of local French officials crowded round. Mauritania's Premier Moktar Ould Daddah, 35, was just back from Paris and Washington with a \$66 million World Bank loan. With the money Moktar Ould Daddah hopes to build himself a country.

He had not much to start with. Mauritania is a land of sand twice the size of France sprawled across the lower Sahara on Africa's Atlantic hump. Its 620,000 people are divided between nomadic Moslem herdsmen in the north and farming Negroes in the south. Both Morocco and the Mali Federation have loudly claimed all or parts of it. But Mauritania has one major asset: a jagged black mountain, 1,200 ft. high and 20 miles long, containing iron deposits estimated at 150 million tons. With the World Bank loan, a mining company called MIFERMA, controlled by



MAURITANIA'S DADDAH & ADMIRERS
Out of sand and a jagged black mountain.

Edu Bunker

French capital but including British, Italian and German interests, will mine the ore, haul it to the sea and market it abroad, splitting the profits fifty-fifty with Daddah's government. As part of the deal, MIFERMA will develop electric power and provide fuel oil, build a 400-mile railroad from the iron mines to Port-Etienne, widen and improve Port-Etienne itself. After completion, the port facilities will be turned over to the government. Also important to parched Mauritania, MIFERMA will drill wells to tap the underground reservoirs recently discovered not far from Port-Etienne.

MIFERMA had been dithering for months with the World Bank. But it was Daddah who convinced bank officials that the loan would do just what the bank was set up to do—make a long-term contribution to the world's resources, and at the same time provide a budding new country with a basic industry.

The son of a desert sheik, Daddah spent his youth following his father's camel flock. But after his father sent him away to a French-run school in St.-Louis de Senegal, Daddah rose swiftly, serving first as a French army interpreter, later studying at the Sorbonne, where he met and married a pretty French fellow law student. When General Charles de Gaulle came to power, Daddah was Mauritania's only lawyer, and therefore the obvious man to lead his country to self-rule under the semiautonomous government allowed by the French in 1958.

When Daddah took over, Mauritania had not even a capital; as part of the old French West Africa, it had been administered from St.-Louis, across the frontier in Senegal. "A country without a capital is like a body without a head," said Daddah choosing the little oasis settlement of Nouakchott (pop. 600) as a convenient central seat of government. Today, with

the help of French grants and loans, Daddah is slowly building a town, using seashells from the coast as a cheaper substitute for the gravel needed to make concrete. He lives in a prefabricated house just like most of the other prefabricated houses in Nouakchott, contents himself with a tiny Citroën, and sees that his ministers are equally frugal.

France has promised his country independence by 1961, and Daddah is ready for it. "As long as we have life and strength, we shall avoid the mistakes, the fanaticism and the demagoguery which seem to be the lot of newly independent countries," he insists. And by 1963, with MIFERMA shipping out iron ore at the rate of 6,000,000 tons a year, Mauritania will be in business.

RED CHINA Communes for the Cities

Sixteen months ago, when Red China's "great leap forward" seemed in danger of ending in an ignominious sprawl (TIME, Feb. 16, 1959 *et seq.*), Peking's planners decided that for the time being they would concentrate on forcing the nation's peasants into the hive life of the new "people's communes." "In the cities," explained the Central Committee of China's Communist Party, "bourgeois ideology is still fairly prevalent among many of the capitalists and intellectuals; they still have misgivings about the establishment of communes—so we should wait a bit for them."

Last week, as Red China's rubber-stamp National People's Congress met in its spanking new Peking headquarters, Mao and his henchmen changed their tune. With the rural communes so solidly established that 400 million Chinese peasants now eat in community mess halls, the Red commissars were ready to crack



down on city dwellers. To the chorused cheers of 1,063 Congressmen, Liu Chieh-po, vice president of the All-China Federation of Trade Unions, triumphantly announced that communes had been established in most of China's cities, had been successfully imposed on the majority of urbanites in the three populous northern provinces of Heilungkiang, Honan and Hopei. All told, boasted Liu, no fewer than 20 million city folk were now members of communes.

No Time for Trivia. Unlike rural communes, which often take in a whole county, those abuilding in China's cities are generally organized around a single factory, government bureau or city neighborhood. To pave the way for urban communes, China's rulers have long been pushing the establishment of neighborhood mess halls, nurseries and house-cleaning services, thus relieving women of "trivial housework" and freeing them for industry. Thanks to this program, 220,000 ex-housewives in Peking alone are now employed in newly established "street industries"—small workshops or factories operated by 30 or 40 inhabitants of a single city street and capable of turning out light consumer goods or industrial parts. To break down the resistance of women who might be so bourgeois as to want to stay home and cook, Peking food shops now give the neighborhood mess halls priority over the thinning ranks of private customers.

The All-Purpose Boss. Ultimate goal of the urban commune organizers is the complete fusion of personal and working life. One of the first and most publicized of city communes was at the coal-mining center of Yangchuan in Shansi province. At Yangchuan, according to the Peking People's Daily, "living quarters were readjusted so that cadres, workers and their dependents are housed according to their pit, shifts, sections and teams." That done, "political, cultural and physical-cultural activities were organized . . . Each person is a worker-soldier, as well as a stu-

dent, whose living quarters are workshop, barracks and classroom."

The results, reported the Peking paper, were almost miraculous. In the old days, some Yangchuan workers "raised questions of grade, pay and amenities . . . Many workers and their dependents developed hedonist attitudes, were fond of good food and clothes." But with the coming of the commune, both men and women suddenly acquired "a high degree of organization and discipline, both on duty and off—a development presumably closely related to the fact that "the head of a mine is responsible for production and simultaneously is company commander of the militia and head of a row of rooms in the living quarters."

INDIA

The King of Swatantra

In the dusty heat of Agra, not far from the Taj Mahal, the afternoon sun beat down last week on a crowded courtyard in the heart of the business district. Underneath a gaudy orange canopy, a gaunt, hawk-nosed old man in a homespun dhoti and sandals talked, beamed when children rushed up to get his autograph. At 81, Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, India's best-known elder statesman, one-time governor general and close friend of Mahatma Gandhi, had come out of political retirement to lead a national crusade to "release the people" from the burdensome statism of his old freedom-fighting colleague, Jawaharlal Nehru.

For the last month, Rajagopalachari—known to India's millions simply as "C.R."—has been stumping through the North Indian cities and villages for his cause. His platform is modern: less government planning, more scope for free enterprise, a firmer stand against Communism and Chinese aggression. But his language is often reminiscent of the parables of the New Testament.

¶ On Nehru's passion for central planning and controls: "The blood must circ-



Marilyn Silverstone—Palmer

INDIA'S RAJAGOPALACHARI
Like a resurrected Gandhi.

culate all over the body, though the brain may regulate."

¶ On taxation: "The ancient kings took taxes from the people as bees take honey—without harming the flowers. Indeed the flowers multiplied. The new rajahs take honey from the people in such a way that they cause pain. The flowers droop in sorrow."

¶ On the low ethics of many Indian businessmen, which he blames on excessive economic controls: "The chained watchdog grows ever more ferocious. Remove the chains and he becomes a child."

At week's end, Rajagopalachari hove into New Delhi for a final grand rally, well pleased with the results of his campaign.

For months after its founding last summer, C.R.'s Swatantra (Freedom) Party had little influence and no prospects. But Rajagopalachari's tour had had an impact which startled and impressed even India's most cynical observers. At one meeting, at which party officials prepared for 15,000, more than 100,000 turned up. In the last two months, Swatantra has grown so fast that some party leaders now talk expansively of capturing two or three state governments in 1962, increasing their ten seats in the Lower House in New Delhi to 50 or 100.

Swatantra's chief asset is clearly the growing dissatisfaction of India's masses with Congress Party misadministration and corruption, and the growing disenchantment of India's intellectuals with Nehru. The party's chief liability was shrewdly emphasized by Nehru himself, who during a 20-minute courtesy call on C.R. last week ironically remarked: "I've



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come to see how young you are looking." So frail that he moves about leaning on stout young lieutenants, for all the world like a resurrected Gandhi, C.R. admittedly has a limited political future.

But to C.R. himself this is a matter of no consequence. Last week, when a reverent follower told an audience that they had come to "obtain Rajaji's blessing" and to see "India's next Prime Minister," the old leader snatched the mike and testily disavowed the compliment. Said he: "This movement is not to put me into power. It is to put you into power. The people want a change."

BURMA

A New U Nu

On the eve of his triumphal comeback for a fourth term as Burma's Premier, roly-poly U Nu put on the saffron robes of a Buddhist monk and retired into a monastery outside Rangoon for four days' silent



Pan Asia—Black Star

BURMA'S U NU
Mellower after the monastery.

contemplation. Then, wrapped again in his traditional, pale blue *longyi* and looking uncommonly mellow for the rough old campaigner he is, U Nu stepped last week before a Parliament in which his Union Party had won a thumping two-thirds majority in last February's elections, and proclaimed: "We are determined not to repeat the mistakes of the past."

U Nu promised to maintain the administrative efficiency achieved by General Ne Win's 17 months of army rule, and to emulate the democratic impartiality with which Ne Win presided over the elections. Last time, U Nu acknowledged, "we bit off more than we could chew. We propose not to embark on any new state enterprise, and, in particular, not to nationalize any existing industry now in private hands." Topping off his speech, U Nu repeated his most cherished pledge—to make Buddhism Burma's state religion.



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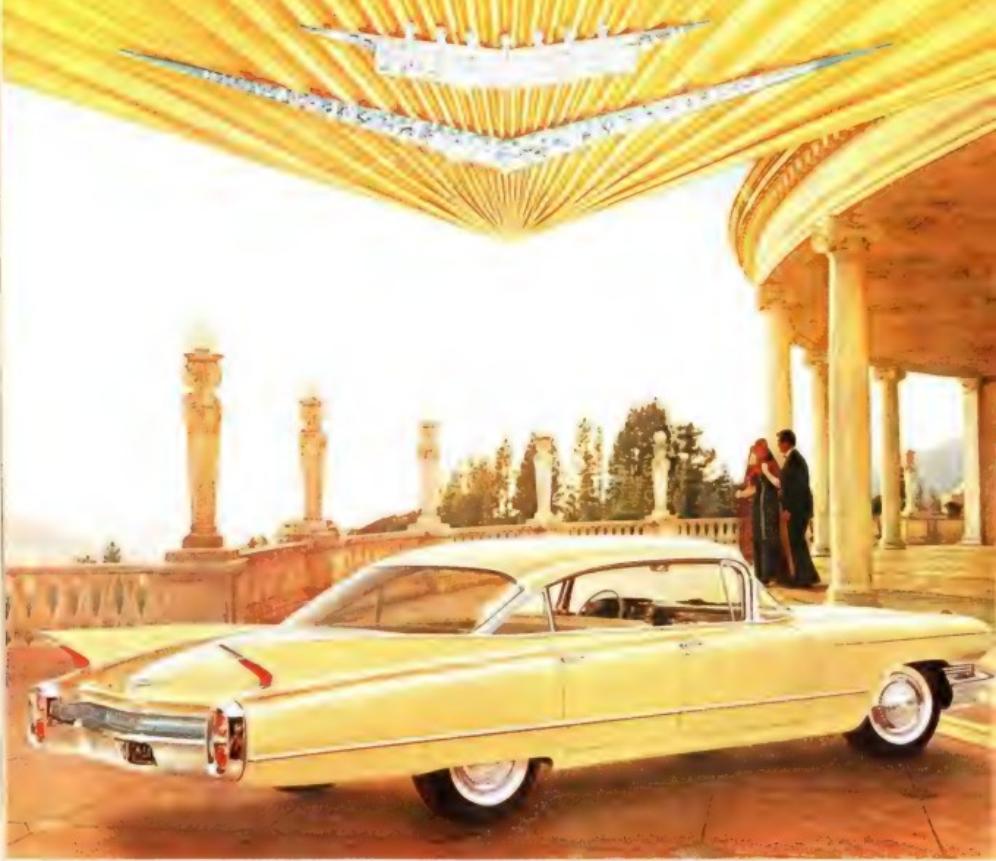


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THE HEMISPHERE

COLOMBIA

A Statesman Comes to Call

By virtue of a life spent in high office in Colombia and as the constructive head of the Organization of American States, Alberto Lleras Camargo ranks as Latin America's most creative democratic statesman. He is also a friend and admirer of the U.S., happy that his country is "governed by institutions that have their origin in Philadelphia." In Washington last week for a state visit, President Lleras thus won a special warmth and spoke words of special weight. His subject was the "backwardness" of Latin America—Lleras is too frank to call it "underdevelopment."

A backward nation, the Colombian President told joint session of Congress, "can follow the Communist pattern in the hope that, after three or four generations of privation and bloodshed, the survivors may at last know and acquire some of the goods, services and facilities of a higher civilization. Or it can be guided by those principles and procedures through which you yourselves have come to be one of the richest, most fair-minded and happiest of nations."

To Prevent a Rout. Said Lleras: "I want to make it quite clear that I do not consider you bound to help in the economic development of any part of the world." Nonetheless, he thought that only foreign aid could assure his coffee-growing Andean country of 14 million of "a decisive stake in the material civilization of the West," preventing "a retreat, a rout, a historical disaster." What kind of help? Latin America is asking only for loans, and guarantees "restitution to the American taxpayer." But aid lending "is fundamentally a political act that cannot be judged by traditional banking criteria." If help comes "too late or too little," the masses may "repudiate their democratic leading classes and take leap after leap in the dark."



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To Live by Law. Alberto Lleras more than any other man is keeping Colombia out of the dark. Lleras began his career as a hustling journalist and at 24 was running Colombia's top newspaper, *El Tiempo*. Jumping into Liberal politics, he held a flurry of boy wonder Cabinet posts, came to the U.S. as ambassador in 1943, became Colombia's interim President for a year at 39. In 1947, he went to Washington to play the leading role in creating the OAS, became its first secretary-general. He wrote most of the 1947 Rio mutual defense treaty that Fidel Castro denounced a fortnight ago.

The blight of Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla in 1955 sent Lleras back into Colombian politics. He plotted his revolution in Bogotá's somber Jockey Club, where he brought the warring Liberals and Conservatives into a united front that eased Rojas out of office without a fight. Now midway through his four-year term, he has put across a belt-tightening stability program, cutting the foreign debt from \$400 million to \$170 million, holding the peso steady.

A fragile-looking man who nonetheless nimbly dodged an assassin's bullets while fighting Rojas, President Lleras has a personality that combines a scrupulous candor with courtly charm. Last week he chatted in the White House with Eisenhower for 45 minutes about "everything on heaven and earth," hit it off so well that Ike flew Lleras off on an unscheduled helicopter hop to Camp David and Gettysburg. And in a fond homecoming to his beloved OAS headquarters, Lleras paid solemn respect to the OAS's task of proving that at least a part of the world knows how to live in a society of nations ruled by law and moving toward perfection."

CUBA

Winning Friends

For the intellectual, politician or celebrity, a tempting proposition this year is a trip to Fidel Castro's Cuba, where a visitor can see real revolution in action while enjoying the uncrowded comforts of a winter resort. The invitation usually comes from an overseas official of Castro's July 26 movement, who arrives bearing a free, first-class ticket on Cubanair



PETER ANDERSON

PRESIDENT LLERAS
Frank talk from a creative friend.

Airlines and free reservations at such luxury hotels as the Habana Hilton. At rum-punch receptions and over dinners of Morro crab, the friendly visitor soaks up heady talk of revolution, sometimes from the "maximum leader" himself.

The Loud Praisers. Trips are arranged to schools, hospitals and agricultural co-ops, or to beaches, cockfights and nightclubs. All that the visitor need contribute is a little quotable praise of Cuba or criticism of the U.S.—and the kind of visitor selected is usually glad to oblige.

Joe Louis says "there is no place in the world except Cuba where the Negro can go in the wintertime with absolutely no discrimination." Jack Paar (who paid his own way down) deplores the "untruthful things I've read about what was happening in Cuba. This man Castro is beloved by these people." Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre called the Cuban revolution "the most original I have known" and dismissed the U.S. as a "headless nation."

The Fair Players. All this sentiment got a loud echo in Manhattan last week from something called "the Fair Play for Cuba Committee," a group of 28 including Sartre, his friend Simone de Beauvoir. Novelists Norman Mailer and Truman Capote (who explained that "my

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stepfather is Cuban"), and British-born New Yorker Drama Critic Kenneth Tynan ("Americans tend to judge a regime on the extent to which it likes America"). In a seven-column, \$4.75 ad in the *New York Times*, the Fair Players charged that the U.S. press is deliberately distorting the news from Cuba. Item: press reports of Communism in the Castro government are "consistently used to create a smoke screen behind which the social objectives of the Cuban revolution can be attacked and sabotaged."

The nominal head of the committee was Author Waldo (*America Hispana*) Frank, but the real organizer was Robert Taber, a Columbia Broadcasting System newsmen, and one of a group of U.S. journalists who won gold medals from Castro for getting through to interview him in his Sierra Maestra days. Frank has been a guest of Castro, and Taber of a Cuban publisher. Taber drew up the ad, and Frank mailed it out to his many friends among the intellectual set. They got enough names and money to pay the bill, but a more impressive list could be made from those who ignored the plea or pointedly turned it down. This group ranged from Ernest Hemingway, Carl Sandburg and Jacques Maritain to Eleanor Roosevelt and Luis Muñoz Marin.

Revealing the side of Cuba that Castro's ad-signing supporters do not seem to see, the Cuban Ambassador to the U.N. in Geneva, Andrés Vargas Gómez, quit his post last week charging that the government is "totalitarian and Communist-oriented." And Commentator Luis Conte Agüero, whose Cuban TV rating was once up to Paar, fled to U.S. exile because, he said, Castro is now a "prisoner of pro-Communists." Inmates in Havana's filthy Príncipe de Asturias Prison rioted twice, setting fire to bedding, and relatives of political prisoners in La Cabahía Fortress learned that 30 Castro gunslingers, in a predawn raid, had ordered the prisoners stripped naked, then had jabbed them with bayonets and beaten them with clubs and rifles. Castro's bag of political prisoners: 6,000, or three times the peak number under Dictator Fulgencio Batista.

THE AMERICAS The Students & the President

The letter President Eisenhower received in Santiago last month from the Federation of Chilean Students was serious in tone, and the President took it seriously. He turned it over to the State Department for a careful answer. Last week the answer, edited by the President himself, was delivered in Santiago to Patricio Fernández, president of the students' federation.

The students asked Ike to explain U.S. policy in Latin America; in particular, they wanted to know U.S. intentions and attitude towards Cuba. "We know and applaud your recent official declaration, serene and respectful, with regard to the self-determination of the Cuban nation," they wrote. "We are also discouraged by

the length of one man's term in office and the lack of institutions based on the will of the people." But the students deplored U.S. press reporting of Cuba, and darkly suspected that Washington plans intervention against Castro on behalf of U.S. sugar companies that own land in Cuba.

The U.S. said Ike has no intention of intervening, and supports sound land reform. The U.S. did, however, express its firm belief that the attainment of land reform "is not furthered by the failure of the government of Cuba to recognize the legal rights of U.S. citizens who have made investments in Cuba." As for the U.S. press, it "is free to voice its opinions on all matters, whether domestic or foreign; this, you will agree, is a freedom basic to the exercise of democracy. Unfortunately, recent incidents in Cuba make it quite clear that it is dangerous for anyone there to voice opinions which do not conform with government policy."

"In all candor," Ike said, "I must state that many longtime friends of Cuba who were heartened by the ideals expressed by the present leaders of Cuba when they assumed control of the government have been gravely disillusioned by betrayal of the ideals of freedom of expression, equal protection of the laws, and the right freely to choose a representative government."

From Cuba, Castro's newspaper, *Revolución*, called the letter "an attack on the people of Cuba" and Ike's comments "completely contrary to reality." In Chile, Student Federation President Fernández called the U.S. statement a "valuable contribution to better understanding between the U.S. and Latin America."

CANADA

Rum Doings

Slogging toward the front during the third battle of Ypres in 1916, Gilford Dudley Seymour was, as he remembers it, the "youngest, tallest and scariest" soldier in the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles. But 17-year-old Private Seymour clung to duty, and duty was delivering his company's rum tot in two glazed-crockery jugs. The officer who was supposed to get the rum turned out to be dead, so Seymour buried the crocks where a hedge crossed a trench.

Now a prosperous Vancouver Island logging operator, Seymour was never able to forget the buried rum. Last summer he impulsively flew to Europe, found the hedge just where he remembered it. It took half an hour's digging to unbury the crocks intact. Elated, Seymour headed for London, searched out old army buddies who polished off one of the two-gallon crocks. The other he took back to Canada, where Her Majesty's Canadian Customs Department heartlessly ruled that he was entitled to bring in one quart of liquor and not a nostalgic swig more. Seymour got himself licensed as a liquor importer, paid \$23.99 in fees, last week dispensed sparing nips from the crock to friends, who glowed over the "wonderful aftertaste."



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PEOPLE

In the Music Room of Buckingham Palace, Dr. Geoffrey F. Fisher, **Archbishop of Canterbury**, using water from the River Jordan, baptized lace-robed Prince **Andrew Albert Christian Edward**, the seven-week-old baby who stands second in line of succession to the British throne. Before the royal family and 60 guests, the archbishop turned to Prince Andrew's five godparents, including the **Duke of Gloucester** and **Princess Alexandra**, and intoned: "Dost thou, in the name of this child, renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all the covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them?" Replied the godparents in unison: "I will renounce them all."

Is the Supreme Court of the U.S. over-worked? By many an outsider's accounting, it is woefully burdened with an ever-mounting case load. But last week a veteran insider, Associate Justice **William O. Douglas**, offered a dissenting opinion. Speaking at the Cornell University Law School, Douglas said: "I don't recall any time in my 20 years or more of service on the court when we had more time for research, deliberation, debate and meditation." The number of cases filed in the court has nearly doubled in the past two decades, but Douglas attributed most of the increase to a "flood" of paupers claims, "for the most part frivolous and often fantastic." Most such cases are swiftly decided, and the court has streamlined many of its other functions. The upshot, according to Douglas: "We have

fewer oral arguments than we once had, fewer opinions to write and shorter weeks to work."

The most twittering lovebirds of the year, Remington Typewriter Heiress **Gamble Benedict**, 19, and her Rumanian-born ex-chauffeur, Andrei Porumbeau, 35, rushed off from Manhattan to South Carolina with matrimony in mind. Gamble's watchful grandma, Katharine Harper Benedict, soon swung into action, successfully blocking their plans to marry in South Carolina. But Granny could do little to halt issuance of a marriage license to the couple in North Carolina, where they then journeyed. Technically, Andrei had run off with the ward of a Manhattan court, but, armed with proof of his



PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN
ELOPER PORUMBEAU & WIFE
Twitters at Granny.

very recent Mexican divorce, Porumbeau made "Gambi" his bride. At that point, Grandma Benedict gave up the fight, said she was washing her hands of the pair.

Planning a return to West German stages after a 30-year absence, Berlin-born Glamour Girl **Marlene Dietrich**, 55, was aware that her reception might be chilly. Reason: during and after World War II, Grandma Marlene damned Hitler and his works so roundly that many Germans still believe she is downright anti-German. Marlene's impending return created a spate of mumble-mumble in the West German press. She shrugged it off: "The only thing I'm really afraid of is eggs. I have a swans-down coat, and if an egg ever hits it, I don't know what I'll do. You couldn't clean it in a million years."

To those who believe that Africa's big game is being driven to extinction by native poachers and trophy-happy white



Mervin Cowie
OSBORN & WIFE IN AFRICA
Cameras for game.

hunters, New York Zoological Society President **Fairfield Osborn** had words of cautious cheer last week. Just back with his wife Marjorie from a wildlife-conservation survey of British East Africa, Big Gamester Osborn, who hunts strictly with a camera, reported: "While poaching continues to be a very serious problem, there is a growing awareness among African leaders that big game is a prime tourist attraction and must be saved." His prediction: the U.N. will soon be establishing game sanctuaries all over the world as "long-term assets in all countries."

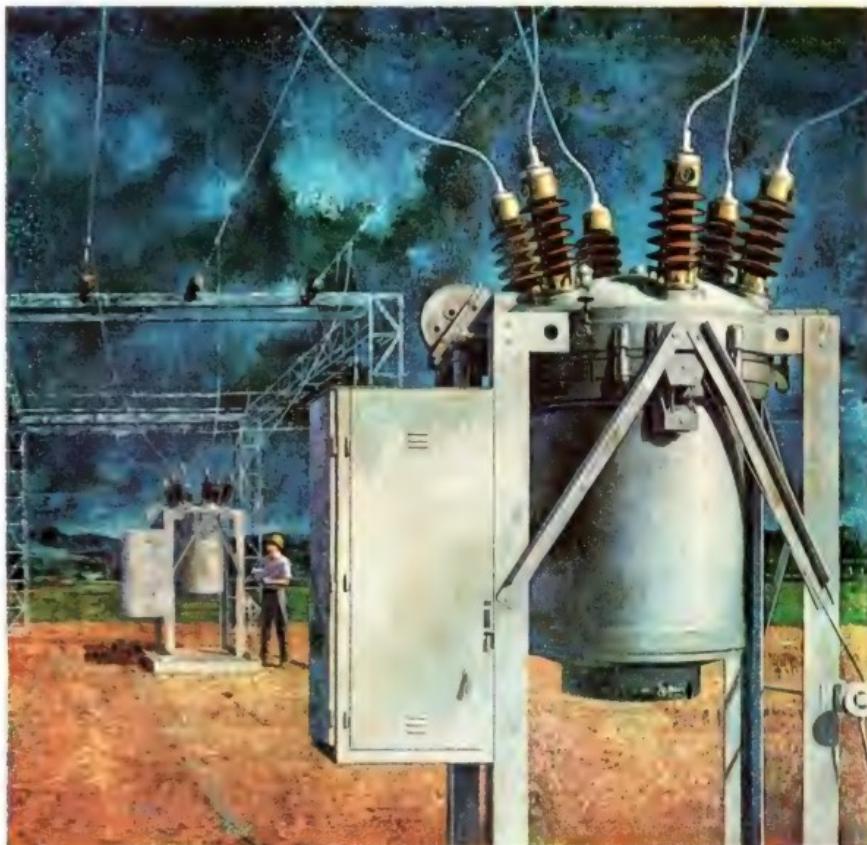
Close after the 15th anniversary of the fateful Yalta Conference, U.S.S.R. bureaucrats changed the name of Yalta's main thoroughfare from the just plain Russian word Bulvarnaya (i.e., Boulevard Street) to **Roosevelt Boulevard**.

The least Victorian of all Victorian authors, **Oscar Wilde**, observed in his novel, *Picture of Dorian Gray*: "There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about." He would have had no cause for complaint last week in England, where segments of his life were being filmed in two different movie studios. At Elstree Studios, Producer Irving Allen, shooting *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*, threatened a court action to stop the work of Director **Gregory Ratoff**, whose production is succinctly titled *Oscar Wilde*. Then Allen told the London press: "I don't really recognize Mr. Ratoff and his film. It's just a quickie." Retorted Old Hollywood Hand Ratoff in his fractured English: "Hokay. The blawdy baddle is on." The squabble, snickered the London *Evening Standard*, would have been laughed off by "the Great Oscar himself" as "the pursuit



MURRAY

GLAMOUR GIRL DIETRICH
Eggs in swansdown.



In a power distribution switchyard, painted here by artist Ned Seidler, I-T-E single tank oil circuit breakers make the most of every foot of space.

NEW I-T-E SPACE SAVER AT 46,000 VOLTS

Normally you want to give electric power of this voltage all the room you can. But today, sometimes space is just plain scarce. This is getting to be more and more of a problem with America's expanding electric power companies. So I-T-E recently developed this new single tank oil circuit breaker capable of protecting circuits to 46,000 volts. Because it puts all three phases in one tank, it saves much of the space that would otherwise be needed by three tanks. Putting equipment components so close at this voltage is quite a feat of engineering. But I-T-E engineers are skilled at translating practical needs into func-

tioning electric equipment. That's why you find I-T-E in the lead of so much of the progress that spells more dependable and economical electricity for users everywhere.

Divisions: Switchgear • Small Air Circuit Breaker • Transformer & Rectifier • Special Products • Greensburg • BullDog Electric Products • Victor Insulators • Kelman Power Circuit Breaker • Subsidiaries: The Chase-Shawmut Co. • Walker Electrical Co. • Wilson Electrical Equipment Co. • In Canada: BullDog Electric Products Co. Ltd. • Eastern Power Devices Ltd. • Canadian Porcelain Co. Ltd. • Headquarters: Philadelphia, Pa.



I-T-E CIRCUIT BREAKER COMPANY

It took 14 freighters to meet the Digest demand for this new product



How an unknown Hawaiian delicacy became a favorite with housewives all over America

In early 1958, housewives had never tasted . . . seen . . . or even heard of Libby's Deep-Minted Brand Pineapple Chunks. But within a year a whole fleet of freighters—plying from Diamond Head to The Golden Gate—was needed to meet the demand for this new product.

This exciting new delicacy had been marketed in three test cities. Consumer response was immediate—and so strong that Libby decided to make it available everywhere as quickly as possible.

Advertising offers 10¢ saving

Libby was convinced that housewives who once tasted the new chunks would buy again. So it set out to "sample" the product on a low-cost, nationwide basis. Two advertisements appeared. One ran in Reader's Digest and included a coupon worth ten cents, to induce housewives to try the product.

Coupons pour in

Knowing the size and quality of the Digest audience, Libby executives expected a high return. But their most optimistic estimate was soon topped as the coupons poured in. Within a few months after the Digest advertisement appeared, over a million coupons had been redeemed . . . and they were still coming in.

Thus, in relatively short time . . . and at low cost . . . Libby had sampled its new product in over a million prosperous homes all across America . . . leading the way to profitable repeat purchases at full price.

Current strategy and sales

Robert L. Gibson, Jr., Vice President of Libby's Fruit Division, reports:

"As a result of this experience, Libby is now running



Through this Reader's Digest advertisement—over one million housewives became acquainted—quickly and economically—with a delightful new food idea for salads, desserts and appetizers.

a campaign of eleven more advertisements in the Digest for Deep-Minted Brand Pineapple Chunks.

"As for sales results, we hit our very ambitious sales target very fast. In fact, never before has a new product become a major product in the Libby line in so short a time."

● Besides Libby, many other advertisers who want a big response—in sales, coupon returns or dealer support—are turning to the Digest. Through it they reach the best part of America—intelligent, prosperous families whose interest in a product can insure its success.



Quick facts for busy executives

Reader's Digest offers all these *exclusive* benefits to advertisers:

- 1 The largest proven audience of readers.** It is larger than any other magazine, weekly, fortnightly or monthly, larger than any newspaper or newspaper supplement. More people read the Digest than look at the average nighttime network television program.
- 2 The largest quality audience that can be found.** More people with greater spending power read the Digest than any other magazine. And the higher the income group, the greater the Digest's share of the audience.

3 Discrimination in the advertising accepted. The Digest alone of major advertising media accepts no alcoholic beverages, no tobacco, no patent medicines.

4 Belief in what the magazine publishes. People have faith in Reader's Digest, in its editorial and advertising columns alike.

People have faith in

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Now 'round South America in half the time

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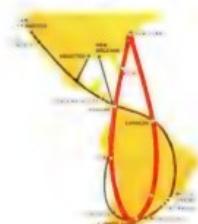


Only with Pan American and Panagra can you fly by all the way 'round South America by true Jet. You have a choice of first-class or tourist service on every flight. Whichever you choose, you will enjoy a reduced fare—on tourist round trip to Buenos Aires you get 35% off the one-way fares*—and your ticket is good for 45 days!

Flying with Panagra down the West Coast of South America to Buenos Aires, you're on the only DC-8 Jetliners in South America. Flying back via the East Coast with Pan Am, you're on 707 Jets which have been flying the route for almost

a year. And the time you spend in the air, flying in serene comfort, is half what it used to be!

One popular way to see South America is on a packaged *Pan Am Holiday*. For example, *Holiday #713* visits 7 cities in 21 days. It costs \$906 from New York . . . \$900 from Miami. The price includes tourist flights (the long ones by Jet), drives to and from airports, hotel accommodations with private bath, many meals, sightseeing trips with English-speaking guides. Call your Travel Agent or Pan Am.



Jet Routes Red lines: West Coast flights: New York to Buenos Aires over the route of National to Miami; South America (to Panagra and Panagra (to Buenos Aires); East Coast flights: Pan Am all the way

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PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

by the unspeakable of the unfilmable." Chortled the London *Daily Express*: "May the worst side win!"

When she was only two, Joannah Felicity Touchet Clapton, only child of stout English stock, became one of thousands of British children sent to the U.S. to escape the London blitz. In suburban Mendham, N.J., Joannah found a second mother on a pleasant, 115-acre estate. Florence Whitney, the childless wife of a well-to-do broker and an heiress in her own right, found in Joannah a bright, ingratiating girl who soon became her whole life. Joannah's father, an infantry captain, was killed in Normandy, and Joannah's



N.Y. Daily News Photo

HEIRESS CLAPTON & PET
After the blitz, love and a legacy.

mother remarried, now lives in South Africa. Mrs. Whitney took over Joannah's upbringing; put her through fine schools; was pleased to see her ward win a national essay contest. Now a senior at Sarah Lawrence College, Joannah is a literature major, a talented painter, a graceful athlete. Last week she learned that she is also an heiress. Mrs. Whitney, dead at 82 last February, left Joannah nearly all of her considerable wealth. Chief legacy: an estimated \$1,000,000-plus trust fund, guaranteeing a handsome life income to Heiress Clapton, plus access to the principal in "emergencies" after she is 25.

Britain's spry old (72) Laborite Herbert Morrison, now **Baron Morrison of Lambeth** (*TIME*, Sept. 28), is not a rich man. But few Britons actually realized until last week 'ow sharp an eye "our 'Er'b" had for a shilling. As a dues-paying member of Britain's printers' union for some 40 years, Morrison, long ago an errand boy for London print shops, recently applied for a life pension. He will soon be getting his weekly pittance—of \$1.75. Rejoiced Morrison: "I'm entitled to it, and I need it."

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EDUCATION

Progress Report I

Nearly six years and scores of lawsuits after the U.S. Supreme Court ruled school segregation unconstitutional, the Southern Education Reporting Service last week issued a grim report. Of the 17 affected states and Washington, D.C., only West Virginia and the District of Columbia are completely desegregated. Of the 3,050,133 Negroes in Southern public schools, only 66,000 are attending integrated classes.

Progress Report II

After five years of integration, Washington's able School Superintendent Carl E. Hansen (TIME, Feb. 1) reported steady academic improvement and declining juvenile delinquency. The schools are actually better than before desegregation, said Hansen, because the best resources of the two races have been united. Washington's job now is making the schools even better: "The nation's capital ought to symbolize a national dedication to the principle of superior public education for every child. There are many miles to go before we reach this goal."

New Look at Wesleyan

The greatest single failure of American colleges is that so many students have not found education meaningful in their own lives." With this mouthful the president of Connecticut's small (See men) Wesleyan University in Middletown recently tackled a national question: If college students are brighter than ever, why are they "silent" and "apathetic"?

Leathery, blue-eyed Victor L. Butterfield, '56, is no man to blame. The Bomb or The Affluent Society. The main cause of student lethargy, says he, is the "paternalistic" U.S. system of spoon-fed tec-

tures and assembly-line grading. "We treat students more as pre-school boys than as adults under guidance."

Big & Small. Victor Butterfield has an exciting alternative: Wesleyan's new "College Plan," this year's shrewdest innovation in independent study. After World War II, Wesleyan elected to stay small and get better. It stiffened courses, doubled the faculty, lured lively outside lecturers. But "a kind of diminishing return" seemed apparent. Instead of "catching the intellectual contagion," says Butterfield, students merely became "more dutiful." Another problem: What moral right did Wesleyan have to turn away a growing flood of able applicants?

This year Wesleyan decided to get bigger (doubling enrollment by 1970)—and yet "stay small." The goal set by Butterfield, once a canny star quarterback at Cornell, a large federation of small colleges, each with its own faculty and students devoted to a common field of study.

Under the plan, a student has no regular classes or grades. Starting in his sophomore year, he is on his own. Though focusing hard on his "major," he is encouraged to get a "general education" by reconnoitering anything else that interests him. Such flights (and his progress) are rigorously checked by four or five teachers, sitting as a collective tutorial committee (unlike the British one-to-one tutorial system). To put students and professors on the same side, exams are given only by outside testers at the end of the junior and senior years. "We are searching for ways," says Butterfield, "in which students can perform responsibly."

Staked by a \$275,000 Carnegie grant, this "gamble on maturity" has so far produced two experimental colleges with 40-odd students. The College of Letters dem-

onstrates how widely students can range. It includes not only "average" students (a priority), but also pre-meds. One boy concentrates on Aristotle's *Poetics*, studies history and French on the side; another focuses on the theory of tragedy, also works on color-symbolism.

No Decorations. Best organized is the College of Public Affairs, which shifts all students to one of three common areas (economics, history, government) on a "trimester" basis. Each week they must write one paper, be prepared to defend it without warning before other students. Once a week they must also be prepared (from faculty-supplied reading lists, not textbooks) to discuss some general concept, such as the Industrial Revolution. Meanwhile, they pursue their own dreams from Russian literature to Oriental religion. As one boy puts it cheerfully: "We're trapped. We were just given a three-week vacation, which most of us spent studying, because unfortunately we got interested in something."

Last week, delighted by progress so far, Wesleyan's board of trustees approved a third school, the College of Quantitative Studies (math). Equally enthusiastic, faculty men are working on plans for a College of Behavioral Sciences and a College of Contrasting Cultures (American, Slavic, Oriental). The ultimate goal is a complete reorganization of Wesleyan.

President Butterfield is still understandably cautious: "Can average American college students handle this freedom?" he muses. The evidence is not all in yet. But Wesleyan has certainly launched an embryo revolution. Says 20-year-old Larry Jones of Ames, Iowa: "This program has made me realize for the first time what education actually is. So many of the decorations are stripped away. We no longer complete an assignment and feel we've completed a day. This kind of education involves you—all the time."

The Outdated Kindergarten

Why are so many kindergarten kids bored by kindergarten? Because that boring "play school" is woefully behind the times, says Kindergarten Teacher Virginia C. Simmons in the current *Harper's*.

The curriculum ("learning through play") has not changed in 100 years. But today's fives are tired of play; they are eager and ready to begin serious work. They have been exposed to travel, nursery schools and working mothers. They visit the public library and fly in airplanes. They dial the telephone, operate hi-fi sets and read words on TV. Yet teachers persist in mindless "fun"—and leave the kids sucking their thumbs.

A former public high-school teacher, Author Simmons began teaching in Cincinnati Country Day School's kindergarten eight years ago. Contrary to the opinion of experts, she writes, "I find that fives can reason; their ears can hear phonics; their eyes can read, their muscular coordination does permit them to learn to write . . . They are enthusiastic



WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY'S PRESIDENT BUTTERFIELD & STUDENTS
For adults under guidance, the pursuit of dreams.

© Who shrivelled to cancer last week at 41



*"The ultraintellectual . . . tends to compare
'Father Knows Best' with Oedipus Rex."*

Gilbert Seldes—noted author, critic and educator—said it. His forum? TV GUIDE. After shrewdly analyzing the egghead's hostility toward television (it bids fair to challenge the egghead's domain—the printed page), Mr. Seldes pleads eloquently with the thoughtful man to make an honest attempt at understanding this young giant among communications media.

Polished and penetrating commentary of

this nature is, of course, only one element of TV GUIDE's editorial fare. TV GUIDE offers objective and absorbing coverage of television trends, controversies, influence, people and programs. TV GUIDE is, in short, the authoritative source of television information. TV GUIDE's ability to interest its readers explains its attraction for advertisers like General Foods, Plymouth, Pillsbury, Oldsmobile, Raytheon, General Mills.

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curious, keenly observant, open-minded, eager to learn, receptive and imaginative. As sheer pupil stuff, they are a teacher's dream come true."

The proof? "My five-year-olds learn to write, count, add, subtract, divide; they learn basic geometric forms and elementary algebra; they use rulers and compasses; they learn to spell and to read 50 to 75 words. They understand the concept of zero, that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, that all radii of the same circle are equal, that $\pi/6$ and $4/8$ are also $1/2$, that $4/3$ is $1\frac{1}{3}$, and that if 3 is divided by 2 it becomes $1\frac{1}{2}$." Moreover, next year's class will begin conversational French ("Fives love to imitate new sounds and easily execute intricacies that adolescents find difficult").

"Why waste our five-year-olds?" asks Teacher Simmons. "The most important part of an education is the beginning . . . There is no such thing as an unimportant or expendable year in any child's life. In kindergarten, the five-year-old is just starting. The direction he is pointed and the momentum he gets may well determine his intellectual growth."

Don't Beat the Band

The school board of Parchment, Mich. (pop. 1,500) near Kalamazoo, last week faced an astonishing dilemma. For \$30,000 it must build either 1) two new classrooms at an overcrowded elementary school, or 2) a fancy band room at the brand-new Parchment High School. Why is the band room more important? Because the high school is not yet accredited by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools—and apparently will not be without a band room.

This intelligence comes from Dr. Ray E. Kehoe, associate director of the University of Michigan's Bureau of School Services, who cased Parchment High last month. Dr. Kehoe failed to observe the deficiency of the school library, which needs \$15,000 worth of new books. He concentrated on the present 52-ft.-by-31-ft. music room, which in his view does not meet N.C.A. standards. The school, said he, needs a soundproof band room, practice rooms, and a room for storing instruments and uniforms.

To Parchment's five-man school board, the band room is politically more important than the elementary classrooms. The voters demand an accredited high school so that graduates can get into college. Last week, growing publicity over the board's indicated decision sent the members scurrying for "no comment" cover. That left School Superintendent Fred Hall to face newsmen. Said he: "I deplore the sudden rise of little Parchment in the educational world. I am deathly afraid of notoriety."

The Limit

In the classic definition of Mr. Justice Holmes, the right of free speech ends when a man falsely cries "Fire!" in a crowded theater. Does academic freedom also have its limits?



Associated Press

BIOLOGIST KOCH

"I think I know something about sex."

When the University of Illinois' *Daily Illini* last month deplored excessive necking at campus parties, Biology Professor Leo F. Koch, 44, sent the newspaper a forthright, academically free reply: "With modern contraceptives and medical advice readily available at the nearest drugstore, or at least a family physician, there is no valid reason why sexual intercourse should not be condoned among those sufficiently mature to engage in it without social consequences and without violating their own codes of morality and ethics. A mutually satisfactory sexual experience would eliminate the need for many hours of frustrating petting and lead to happier and longer lasting marriages among our young men and women."

Professor Koch's overly blunt biology lesson brought some letters of approval, but also the expected deluge of outraged protests from parents, alumni and clergymen. Last week he was fired. Said President David Dodd Henry: "The views expressed are offensive and repugnant, contrary to commonly accepted standards of morality, and their public espousal may be interpreted as encouragement of immoral behavior."

The father of two young sons and a 15-year-old daughter, Koch bitterly viewed his dismissal as a breach of academic freedom. "I am a biologist," said he, "and I think I know something about sex. More enlightenment about sex and morals would lead to healthier lives for our citizens. This is the most puritan country in the Western world."

In an effort to regain his job, Koch appealed to the faculty committee on academic freedom and to the American Association of University Professors. At week's end, neither group had come to a decision. But another faculty committee, backing President Henry, had already called Professor Koch's letter "a grave breach of academic responsibility."

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SCIENCE

Project Ozma

On a planet revolving around the star Epsilon Eridani there may be a radio antenna several times as big as a baseball stadium. From it toward other planets revolving around other stars may go messages proclaiming the existence of a high civilization in the Epsilon Eridani system. The Earth may be one of the planets toward which such messages are beamed.

Such is the stuff that dreams are made of—but in this case the dream is shared by highly intelligent and practical scientists. Among them is Dr. Frank Drake, 20, of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, W. Va., who this week launched an effort called Project Ozma—after the Princess in Author L. Frank Baum's strange and faraway Land of Oz. In Project Ozma, Green Bank's 85-ft. radio telescope is turned toward Epsilon Eridani and another star, Tau Ceti, both of them about eleven light years (66 trillion miles) away. Tuned to the 21-centimeter waves (1,420 megacycles) that come from cold hydrogen in interstellar space, the telescope is set up so that it points for a short time at the target star, then at an empty region beside it. The system eliminates background "noise," and the balance of the signal should contain any message that might be coming from one of the star's planets.

Universal Waves. Another scientist much preoccupied with the possibility of messages from civilizations outside the solar system is Harvard's Nobel Prize-winning Edward Mills Purcell, who with Harold I. Ewen was the first to detect the 21-cm. waves. If nonsolar aliens are sending messages to earth, theorizes Purcell, their first problem is to select the proper radio frequency, and their most likely choice is 21 cm., the sharpest and most universal radio waves that flash through space. Such aliens would reason that if earthlings have an electronic technology, they would know about the 21-cm. waves, and would be tuned to them.

But what message would the aliens send that could be understood by earthlings? Dr. Drake suggests a familiar series of numbers, such as 1, 2, 3, 4. Professor Purcell believes that a simple on-off signal would be more logical as a starter. After that, the messages could progress to mathematical relationships, which are surely the same in all planetary systems. When earthlings understand the aliens' way of saying two plus two equals four, they will have learned the important words "plus" and "equals." Other words and logical concepts could be taught in the same way.

Older Civilizations. Improbable as the notion of message-sending nonsolitaries may seem, it is certainly not impossible. Most astronomers now believe that something like 5% of the billions of stars in the Milky Way galaxy have planets that are habitable. If so, there is an excellent chance that some of them support civiliza-

zations older and higher than earth's, and that such civilizations might be interested in establishing communications with the planets of other stars.

There is no doubt that radio messages can span interstellar distances. Dr. Purcell estimates that the total power of all the 21-cm. waves that bathe the earth's surface is equal to the power of only one watt, but modern antennas can pick them up easily. And this week's Project Ozma is a first small step in an effort that might take one year or 10,000 to turn a dream into reality.

Home City of Sumer?

When historians look back into time to name the first civilized people, they usually pick the Sumerians, who built imposing cities, including Abraham's Ur of the Chaldees, in southern Mesopotamia about 3000 B.C. But the Sumerians did not think of themselves as native Mesopotamians; according to their legends, they came from a place called Dilmun, where lived Ziusudra, the sole survivor of the Flood. Last week Danish archaeologists were digging into the ruins of a city on oil-rich Bahrain Island in the Persian Gulf. They think it is Dilmun, the mysterious "home city of the Land of Sumer."

Disk-Shaped Seals. After figuring in early legends, Dilmun takes slightly more tangible form in Sumerian writings as a city on an island three days sail from the Persian Gulf. Merchants from Ur traded there, and clay-written records tell that they brought woolen goods, returning with cargoes of copper, ivory and gold. This suggests that Dilmun acted as middleman between Mesopotamia and the civilization of the Indus Valley in Pakistan. In both places have been found a few peculiar, disk-shaped stone seals. Since most Mesopotamian seals are cylindrical and Indus seals are square, archaeologists have long suspected that the disk-shaped seals were made in Dilmun, the in-between place.

Except for such dim traces, Dilmun vanished centuries ago. But just after World War II, a scholarly young Englishman, Geoffrey Bibby, visited Bahrain on oil business, and was fascinated by 100,000 burial mounds on the island's north end. Under them were T-shaped stone chambers with the remains of a single person in each. Before he could investigate further, Bibby left Bahrain. Later he married a Danish girl, settled in Denmark, and worked his way up to the post of director of oriental antiquities in Aarhus University's prehistoric museum.

But Bibby did not forget Bahrain. In 1953 he persuaded his director, Dr. Peter Glob, to lead an expedition there, with himself as second in command. During the first season they attacked the fascinating mounds. The burial chambers had been robbed, but the Danes still found gold and ivory ornaments. Then they turned to searching for the city where the dead in the graves had lived.

On the north end of Bahrain Island is a ruined Portuguese fort and near it a

mound 40 ft. high, 2,400 ft. long and 1,200 ft. wide. Dr. Glob (who, says Bibby, has "a fine eye for country") picked it out, hired native laborers to cut a trench into it. Done properly, this is slow work: for years the archaeologists worked on the mound. Piled in layers were vertical walls and stamped clay floors all mixed with bits of pottery and copper.

Chips from the Chisel. This is the sort of record that archaeologists love. The mound represented what for many centuries was a well-built stone city of about 10,000 inhabitants. The oldest part seems to have flourished before 2500 B.C. It had no city wall, and a layer of ashes shows that its poor defense posture may have enabled an invader to burn it. When



ARCHAEOLOGIST BIBBY & BAHRÉINIS
Round ones among the squares.

the inhabitants built a new city, they encircled it with a substantial wall.

Perhaps the most interesting discovery made by the digging Danes was 225 of the round stone seals associated with the in-between city, Dilmun. Since they may have been imported, the disks did not prove conclusively that Dilmun was on Bahrain Island. But they made the theory look good.

Last year came the conclusive find. Archaeologist Egor Hansen discovered deep in the city's ruins the unmistakable remains of a stone engraver's shop, still littered with chips from the chisel. From a heap of stone scrap came a real prize: an unfinished round seal that had broken in the making and been tossed aside. Here was conclusive proof that the round seals originated in Bahrain, and therefore that Dilmun had been on Bahrain.

Whether the inhabitants of Dilmun were really the ancestral Sumerians has still not been positively established. But the Danes are still digging—with high hopes that they will unearth the answers about the oldest civilization.

SHOW BUSINESS

OFF BROADWAY

Weirdness & Wit

Three playwrights—an English poet, a French ex-convict, an American scarcely out of college—are giving off-Broadway audiences more philosophy (both weird and traditional), more wit and more theaterness than can be heard or seen in Broadway's most wretched season.

The Death of Satan. As the curtain went up last week on Poet Ronald Duncan's play, three comfortable chaps were reading newspapers in a club in Hell. One by one they revealed their faces: Shaw, Wilde, Byron. Happy shades, they play poker for their professional reputations ("I'll wager Mrs. Warren's Profession"—"I'll raise you *Childe Harold*") and tolerate Satan, dressed as a clergyman, as he steals their jocks.

But the Devil is nervous. Something is all too pleasant in the state of Hell, and the residents are too contented to be there. As if in extension of Shaw's *Man and Superman*, the Devil decides to send Don Juan (Robert Mandan) to earth to see what is causing the trouble. Up goes Don Juan—into a most un-Seville world. He tries to guitar his way through a modern woman's window, but she (Beverly McFadden) is impudent with all that jazz. Her door stands open. He purrs softly: "To describe your beauty, night, which veils your modesty, would blush." "Modesty?" says the broad. "I only slipped this on because it's a little cool after the sun goes down." Her husband (Alex Reed) enters with unbatting eyes, offers his wife's new lover a friendly drink. Don Juan is crushed. He is looking for trust to trespass against and has found none.

In the person of a married Englishwoman (Susan Brown) who is a career editor as well, Don Juan finds his Doña Anna. He woos her with tender memory, and she answers him with Freud. She finds him "quite obviously immature." In her anthropocentric indifference to Heaven and Hell, Don Juan finds a 1960 form of gaiety that is full of desperation, loses his love for her because "if we don't love something greater than ourselves, we are incapable of loving one another."

With whetstone humor, but marred by too many obvious jokes and an inadequate production, the play leads Don Juan back to Hell, where Satan is in bed sick at heart, cursing his doctor ("that damned Faustus with his ridiculous penicillin"). When Don Juan reports that men on earth "have freed themselves of belief," Satan dies. The moral is obvious but far from negligible: without God, there can be no Devil.

The Prodigal. As Playwright Duncan is drawn to fantasy, Manhattan-born, 24-year-old Jack Richardson (Columbia '57) is drawn to myth: with the courage of youth, he has walked straight into the house of Atreus to kidnap King Agamem-

non, Clytemnestra, Orestes, Electra. But what might have been merely a leached-out academic exercise is a fresh, deeply written play that uses classical means for a 20th century statement.

Richardson makes Orestes (Dino Narizano) his central figure, a sort of angry young anthropos who expresses his discontent less by looking back in anger than by looking forward in mockery. Considering the fate of Argos, he laughs at the armored simplicities of his father Agamemnon's military policies and at the naive democratic humanism of Aegisthus. In self-exile after his father's murder, Orestes wants only to marry a ripe, full-breasted girl and settle permanently away from Argos. The Trojan War has taken place and by stopping the pendulum of revenge, Orestes would try to prevent other wars. A Cassandra (Josephine Nichols) who resembles Hedda Hopper in appearance and Dorothy Parker in wit sadly tells him that the force of the popular majority overwhelmingly demands "dramatic justice." Since life is "popular drama, the majority dictates the plot." Thus the audience itself is slapped with guilt as Orestes unwillingly leaves for Argos to put the sword to the murderers—and by extension, to the human race. "I will murder and say it's for a better world. That must be said to avoid insanity."

The Balcony. Less serious is France's Jean Genet, although Manhattan audiences—probably in stilted awe of the avant-garde—seldom crack a laugh at his sharply comic inventions. An oft-convicted jailbird of 49 who was once sprung on the petition of Jean-Paul Sartre, Jean Cocteau and the late André Gide, etc., Genet is proud that he has been called "the one genuine outsider of this century." The viewpoint shaped by Genet's life is expressed more in the play's structure than in its wild threshings of language. The scene is The Grand Balcony, a brothel where the prostitutes help their customers pretend to distinctions far above them: wearing ego-puffing shoulder pads and cothurni (the elevator shoes of Greek tragedy), ordinary gasmen and bank clerks become make-believe bishops, generals, judges.

When a revolution overthrows the established power in the city, the pretenders in the brothel suddenly become actual potentates and the madam their queen. Genet makes his point: a house is not only a home; it is the entire world.

Genet's uninhibited imagination swings freely from the raucous to the raw. The city's real police chief (Roy Poole) is disheartened because no customer at the brothel has yet shown an interest in pretending to be the police chief. And after the rebellion, the same cop announces that he would like to dress as an enormous phallus to "symbolize the state." Earlier the evening has a moment so vibrantly mad that it all but leaves the audience unbuttoned from the third scene



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HOLLYWOOD

Face Saver

The month-long Hollywood strike faded out last week in a face-saving, semi-happy ending. Technically, the actors are not getting a cut from TV sales of post-1948 movies, which is what they wanted most. But they are getting hefty contributions to their health and welfare and pension funds, and they will share in the TV take from movies made after January 1960.

TIN PAN ALLEY

The Perfumed Tar Pit

"Debbie Ishlon has written a novel," "Crazy, man. Are you in it?"

The fact, the surprise and the question were ricocheting through the pop-music trade last week. *Girl Singer* (Doubleday: \$3.95) was in the bookstores, and although the world in general had never heard of Deborah Ishlon, big-time agents, small-time clarinetists, deejays, artists-and-reporter men, photographers and music publishers were browsing with interest. They all knew her as a 34-year-old former secretary who became the trade's nimblest pressagent and has lately assumed the portentous title of Coordinator of Creative Services for Columbia Records. While it may be less than literature, her novel nonetheless is an insider's impressionistic collage of a tawdry business.

Letter-Day Alchemist. The plot is standard. An ambitious small-town disk jockey makes a tape of a teen-ager named Anna Lou Schreckengost singing at a country-club dance and sends it to Sid Harper, A. & R. man at Manhattan's Blackwood Records. Anna Lou and her grandmother are flown to New York for an audition. Although she cannot read music and is so implausibly naive that she describes microphones as "boxes hanging from bent poles," Anna Lou does well—with an audio engineer's help. Harper and a magazine photographer return with her in triumph to New Bethel, Pa., and dredge up material for a cover story. Back in New York, Anna Lou (now Beth Adams) is bathed in fame on a TV show, more fame as singer of the top tune on the charts.

Novelist Ishlon tells her story in a two-part stream of consciousness, first through the oversimplified mind of the girl in a kind of Schreckengost-written prose, then through the hypomanic mind of the A. & R. man, who has abandoned serious composing and now sees himself as a



Ben Martin

AUTHOR ISHLON
Gliding lizards, gritty vapors.

latter-day alchemist, compounding dross voices with banal notes to produce gold." Novelist Ishlon insists that Anna Lou Schreckengost is no one in particular. She could be an approximation of Cincinnati's Doris Kappelhoff, who with 1946's *Sentimental Journey*—made famous her new name, Doris Day. But coincidence falls closer to Norma Jean Speranza, a teenager from a small town in western Pennsylvania who came to the attention of Columbia A. & R. man Mitch Miller in 1953, when an ambitious disk jockey sent him a tape. Norma Jean and her sister were flown to New York for an audition. Her name became Jill Corey. She was soon on the cover of *Lure*, on the Garroway show, and on the top of the charts.

Fraudulent Fellowship. As for the A. & R. man, many browsers thought they detected Columbia's Mitch Miller, whose coolness toward the author ("Debbie has to be the whole show") is well known in the record trade. In fact, word is that Miller recently hired his own pressagent because he felt he was not getting enough service from Colleague Ishlon.

At all events, the book is also a portrait of Debbie's calling as she sees it. People from a talent agency (obviously M.C.A.) are "a brood of boned, pruned squabs." Other agents and publishers "shoot their gross cuff links, pat their silver ties with manicured nails, and glide like lizards into the corridors of the night." Theirs is "a hierarchy of parasites. Not an idea in that carload of skulls." Underlings and flunkies give "those corporeal salutes, the importuning paw on the arm or back, gestures of utterly fraudulent fellowship. Gritty vapors of the street seem fresh by comparison." The "head-shrinkingly small" entertainment world is one "perfumed tar pit" after another, but "that's show business! An archipelago of egos, savages who watch each other frantically, track every footprint of ambition."

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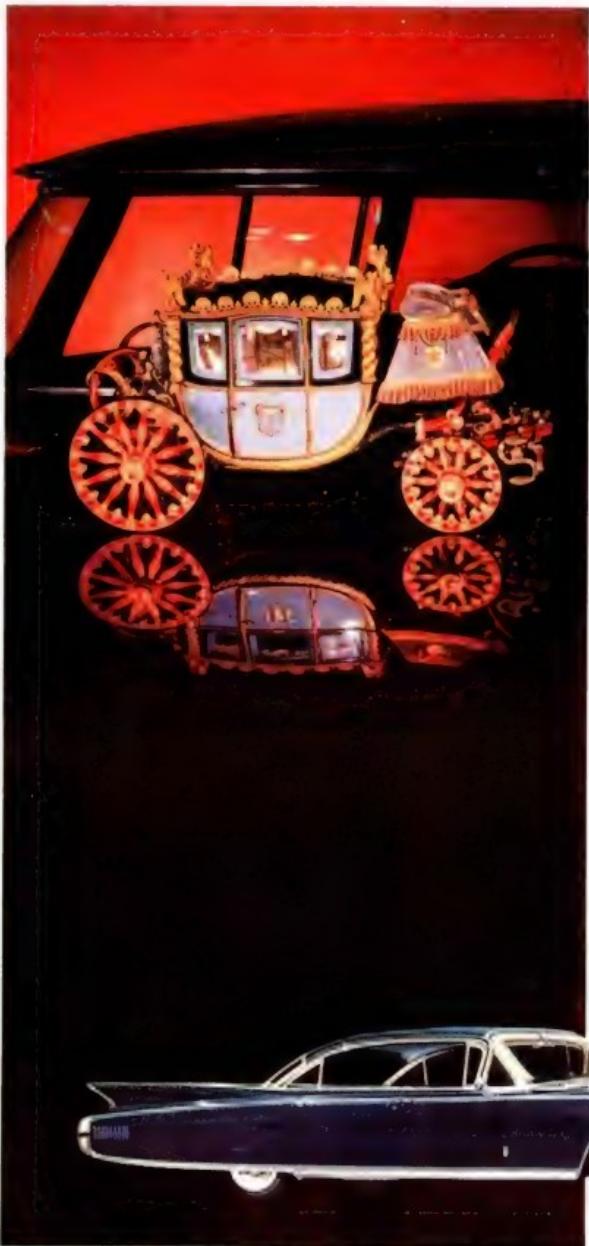


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MEDICINE

Doctors' Signposts

Some 3,800 doctors, specialists in internal medicine, convened in San Francisco last week to swap shop talk on everything from bedside treatment to basic science. The occasion: the annual meeting of the American College of Physicians. The doctors posted no huge billboards announcing dramatic cures, but they set up a few small signposts pointing in hopeful directions. Items:

THE COMMON COLD. There is no hint yet of either a preventive or a cure for the common cold. Reporting for a University of Illinois team that has made thousands of tests on 2,500 volunteer cold-catchers, Dr. George Gee Jackson suggested that the idea that there is a specific common-cold virus, peculiar to man, had best be abandoned completely. No fewer than 70 viruses have been shown to cause human diseases that run the gamut from the simple common cold (runny nose and other discomforts, but usually no fever) to influenza. Most discouraging for sniffers awaiting a wonder drug: in some people, at some times, viruses of supposedly the relatively harmless, common-cold class may cause disease as severe as influenza, while the more feared influenza viruses may give rise to symptoms no more severe than those of the common cold. And there are all kinds of intermediates.*

RHEUMATIC DISEASES. Ten years experience has shown that hormones of the cortisone family, while giving temporary relief, often do as much harm as good in rheumatic diseases. But the Mayo Clinic's famed Dr. Philip S. Hench, pioneer (with Chemist Edward Kendall) in the extraction and use of these products, struck out on a bold new line. The natural pituitary hormone ACTH and the cortisone-type drugs, he said, must be viewed not only as remedies, but also as research tools. His new theory, based on observations of thousands of patients: it is neither a simple excess nor a simple deficit of adrenal hormones that triggers the onset or recurrence of rheumatoid arthritis and related diseases. It is, he asserted, a "turn of the tide"—a change in the circulating hydrocortisone from abnormally high to low levels—that does the damage.

In normal people, he said, the hydrocortisone output goes up sharply in the early morning hours to a peak around 6 a.m., then falls gradually to a nighttime resting level. In a rheumatoid arthritis victim, this pattern is generally reversed. Lacking adaptive ability, the patient reacts with a flare-up of disease when the cortisone tide ebbs. This may happen after delivery to a woman who has been free of arthritis

symptoms during pregnancy. The letdown phenomenon is also seen in patients after long-term cortisone treatment.

Dr. Hench challenged his hearers with the defiant statement that they would probably be unable to accept his theory at this stage. But since he suggested that it applied, beyond rheumatoid arthritis, to several disorders such as rheumatic fever, gout, psoriasis and ulcerative colitis, he left them with much to ponder.

MONGOLISM. Now that the number of chromosomes in human cells is established at 46, correcting a long-held error, variations from the normal are showing up in more and more inborn defects. Dr. Malcolm A. Ferguson-Smith of Johns Hopkins reported that in Mongolism, where an extra chromosome has been found, the anomaly appears to be the result of a failure in subdivision, traceable to the maternal egg. In a wide range of sex abnormalities related to hermaphroditism, the number of chromosomes may range from 45 to 48. Among the anomalies "super females" with three X (female) chromosomes, and a variant with three X chromosomes and one Y (male).

LUNG DISEASE. In addition to an overall increase reported in the breathing disorder known as pulmonary emphysema, an apparently new form has been described in the last few years, said Manhattan's Nobelman Dickinson W. Richards. Not yet given a name of its own, it is marked by an apparent wasting away of tissues, resulting in big holes in the lungs (usually the upper lobes). Victims are generally aged 30 to 40, and most have been heavy smokers, but no direct cause-and-effect relationship between smoking and the disease has been shown. Treatment: surgery to remove the diseased part of the lung.

AUTO-ALLERGY. Can a man become allergic to parts of his own body? Yes, said a panel of experts. Two clear-cut types of auto-allergy are firmly established. Both involve the eye and, although rare, can be serious enough to cause blindness. In one, injury (which may result from surgery) causes part of the uvea (the pigmentary layer of tissues in the eye) to be misplaced, and this sets up inflammation. Most remarkably, the sight-threatening reaction develops in both eyes, though only one was injured. The second type results when a fragment of lens tissue is left after an operation for cataract. For this, the eye sometimes has to be removed.

Beyond these, there are a score of conditions in which antibody hunters suspect that auto-allergy plays a role, e.g., multiple sclerosis, rheumatic fever, rheumatoid arthritis, and severe forms of kidney disease. The University of Washington's Dr. Paul P. Van Arsdel Jr. called attention to the appearance of antibodies against their own heart-muscle tissue in victims of heart attacks. When the antibodies appear, they have no effect on the healing of the heart muscle. The consensus: antibodies will probably appear after protracted damage to any tissues.



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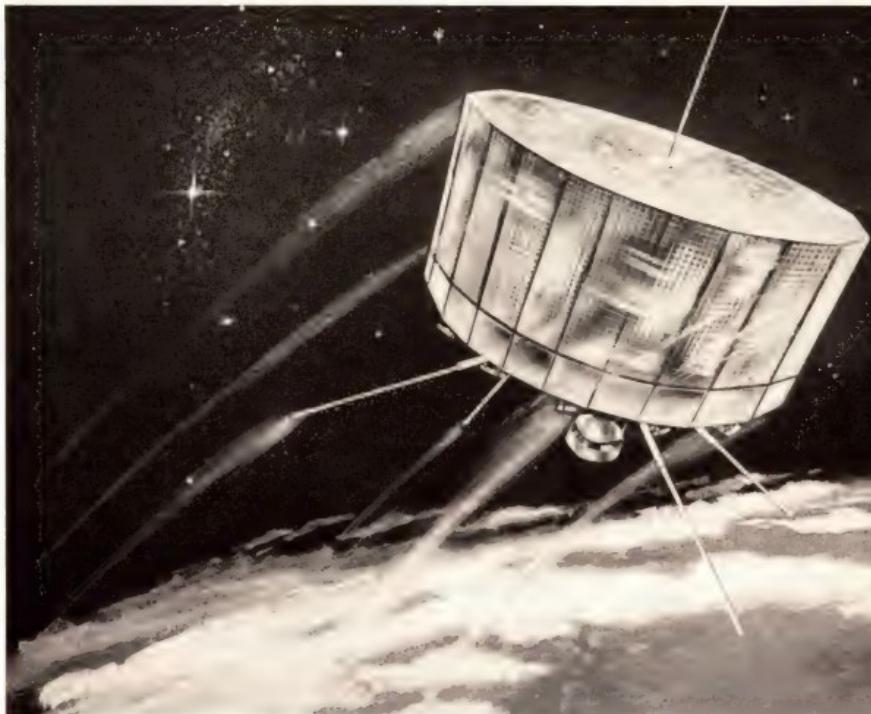
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The success of experimental Project TIROS opens the door to a new era in weather forecasting—with benefits to

people of all lands. This experiment may lead to advanced weather satellites which can provide weathermen with hour-by-hour reports of cloud cover prevailing over the entire world. Weather forecasts, based on these observations, may then give ample time to prepare for floods, hurricanes, tornadoes, typhoons and blizzards—time which can be used to minimize damage and save lives.

Many extremely "sophisticated" techniques and devices were required to make *Project TIROS* a success—two lightweight satellite television cameras, an infrared horizon-locating system, complex receiving and transmitting equipment, and a solar power supply that collects its energy from the sun itself. In addition to the design and development of the actual satellite,



TIROS satellite orbiting towards ground station in Eastern United States

scientists and engineers at RCA's "Space Center" were responsible for the development and construction of a vast array of equipment for the earth-based data processing and command stations.

Project TIROS was sponsored by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. The satellite payload and ground station equipment were developed and built by the Astro-Electronic Products Division of RCA, under the technical direction of the U.S. Army Signal Research and Development Laboratory.

The same electronic skills which made possible the success of man's most advanced weather satellite are embodied in all RCA products—RCA Victor black & white and color television sets, radio and high-fidelity systems enjoyed in millions of American homes.



This unique antenna, at RCA's "Space Center" in Princeton, N. J. is designed specifically for the Tiro project. Antennas of many kinds at ground stations track the satellite and permit communications between satellite and ground. Primary ground stations, built by RCA, are at Fort Monmouth, N. J. and Kaena Point, Hawaii. Back-up stations are at Princeton, N. J. and Cape Canaveral, Fla.



THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN ELECTRONICS
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RELIGION

"More Than Conquerors"

(See Cover)

What kind of man makes a good missionary? Once, a preacher who needed an assistant decided to take a chance on a middle-aged man who was bossy, opinionated and temperamental, with a strong streak of fanaticism and an unsavory past. He turned out to have picked the greatest missionary of all time.

Saul the Pharisee, now Paul the Apostle, joined Barnabas to preach and proselytize in Antioch for a small sect of Jews who called themselves Nazarenes. When he died some 15 years later, he left behind him the firm foundations of a world religion. He shaped Christianity with his thought; Augustine and the church fathers built upon his theology, and Martin Luther found in Paul's writings the key to the Reformation: justification by faith. He stamped Christianity deeply with his missionary zeal; no other religion has penetrated into the corners of the world so persistently, and so carelessly of the odds, always within the echo of Paul's exclamation: "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel."

From St. Francis Xavier, awaiting his lonely death on an island off the China coast in 1552, to Bishop James Walsh, suffering in a Chinese Communist jail in 1960; from young Samuel Miller, dying of fever on a ship homeward bound from Africa in 1813, to Missionary-Pilot Nathanael Saint, sinking under the spears of the Amazon's Aua Indians in 1936, brave men have looked to the great missionary to the Gentiles, himself no stranger to suffering. Paul knew the inside of jails around the Mediterranean. Before he died,

almost certainly as a martyr, he was scourged five times within an inch of his life, he was beaten thrice with rods, four times he was shipwrecked (once adrift in a storm for 24 hours), once he was stoned and left for dead. He spent his ministry, he wrote, "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness, finding himself "in perils from waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren."

A New Day. The perils were no fewer for the countless missionaries who followed Paul. Again and again the successive missionary waves were forced back—by the collapse of Rome, by the Moslem invasions of Europe, by the 18th century revolutions. Yet again and again new missionaries picked up the Cross and took it farther than it had been carried before—in the Crusades, with the expansion of the Latin empires in America, finally in the great 19th century advance of Protestant missions, when eager young ministers streamed out of U.S. seminaries hungry to save the heathen "from Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand." They accomplished mighty works, particularly in hygiene and education; many of today's new African leaders were educated at mission schools.

But Christian missions today also face greater dangers than ever—and perhaps greater opportunities (*see color pages*). In too many parts of the world, newly in the grip of nationalism, Christianity is known as the religion of the white man. And everywhere Moscow's own missionaries are

fighting Christianity. In Red China during the past ten years, 7,000 Christian missionaries have been killed, jailed or expelled. In the face of such pressures, the attitudes of the churches have drastically changed. While most missionaries are dedicated above all to preaching the Gospel, more and more they feel that they must be specialists with useful skills to offer, in order to make themselves desirable to new and growing countries—as linguists, teachers, medical officers, agricultural technicians. Above all, missionaries, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, feel that ultimately they must go out of business and turn over their work to native churches.

Says Bishop Stephen Bayne, the Archbishop of Canterbury's executive officer in the Anglican Communion: "The word missionary may have outlived its usefulness. It suggests a false picture of the secure, settled, stable church at home playing a Lady Bountiful role among the underprivileged, primitive people of the world. The younger churches have gifts to give—ideas, new improvisations, experimental techniques, fresh grasps of timeless moral problems."

Says Methodist Harry Haines, who superintends schools, cares for lepers, ministers to a large congregation in Kuala Lumpur: "The day of foreign missions as such is past, but a new and better day is here."

Hights & Lows. The number of Christian missionaries in the world is at an all-time high—38,606 Protestant missionaries as compared with 29,188 in 1925; 51,000 Roman Catholic missionaries as compared with 22,477 in 1925. Yet, while the Christian population of the world is growing (845 million of the 2.8 billion people in the world), in proportion to the total population, it shows a slow decline.

In AFRICA, American missionaries have concentrated their forces heavily in recent years—Protestant missionaries there have increased from 1,487 in 1925 to 6,356 today. Roman Catholic missions have been staffed primarily from Europe, now numbering 27,372, up from 9,669 in 1925. They have been concentrating on training a native clergy. Protestants concentrate on education, medical training and evangelism, are only beginning to set up seminaries to train native ministers; in the Congo they currently have four, compared to 9,400 secular schools. Islam is making important strides in central Africa—partly because it is not associated with colonial whites, partly because it permits polygamy (many a Christian missionary is beginning to talk about admitting polygamous families to something called "associate membership").

ASIA shows a drop of North American Protestant missionaries, under Communist and nationalist pressure, from 9,327 in 1925 to 6,919 in 1958. U.S. Roman Catholic missionaries are up from 1,305 in 1940 to 1,918 in 1958. Japan has proved one of the hardest countries to Christianize in Asia; despite an all-out effort, only .6% of the 92 million population are members of churches, split about



PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS
Sometimes like a man, sometimes like an angel.



HONG KONG MISSIONARY William Kinkade, 33, evangelizes Chinese children along Tai-O Canal by playing trumpet, giving puppet shows telling Bible stories in Cantonese. Mission

to 350,000 poverty-stricken boat people was started by Baptist Minister Kinkade's aunt, Florence Drew, in 1909. Now Oriental Boat Mission has fleet of five boats, ten ministers.



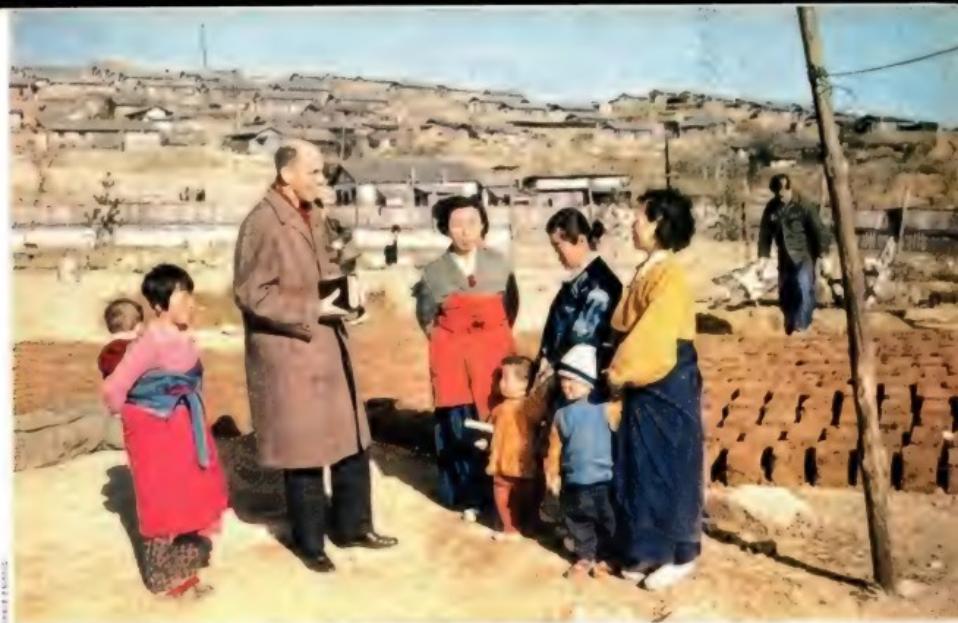
AMAZON BISHOP. Roman Catholic James Ryan, 47 (in red zucchetto), is pushed off from beach at Santarem, Brazil, by three fellow Franciscans at start of ten-day tour of

his Texas-sized area known as "the green hell." Assisting Chicago-born Bishop Ryan, who has been in South America since 1944, are 38 priests and eight brothers, all Americans.

MIKE WILSON—PIERRE



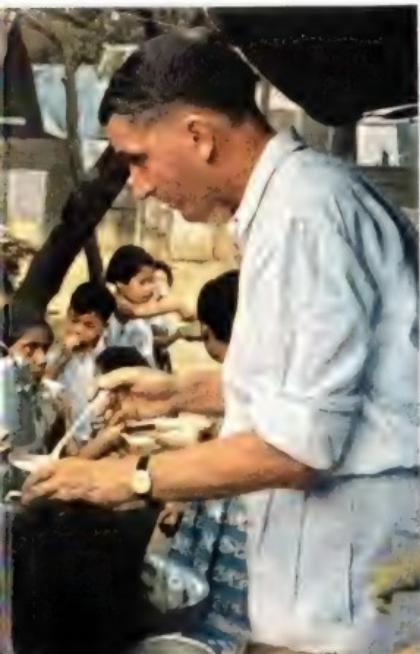
MALAYA MISSION LEADER
Methodist Harry Haines, 42, ladles out milk to slum children in Kuala Lumpur. Pastor of Malaya's largest congregation, he also attends lepers.



KOREA TEACHER

KOREA TEACHER Samuel Hugh Moffett, 44, of Seoul's Presbyterian seminary, visits new congregation readying bricks for new church near Han Dong on Seoul's outskirts.

Son of a pioneering missionary in Korea, Dr. Moffett has wife who is missionary, and brother, Dr. Howard F. Moffett, who superintends 150-bed Presbyterian Hospital in Taegu.



PHILIPPINES PRIEST Walter B. Hogan, S.J., 47, visits with dock workers in combined dress

shop and bar on Manila waterfront. Father Hogan won dockers' loyalty by supporting strikes.



BORNEO CHILDREN get reading lesson in Kapit, remote village in Sarawak. Teacher is Methodist Missionary Burr Baughman 40, resident there for twelve years.



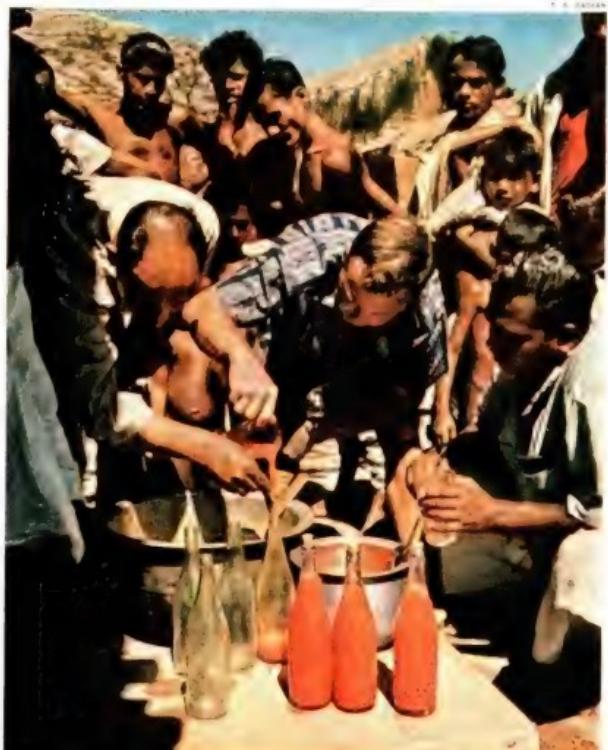


JAPANESE TEEN-AGERS at Shinonome school for girls in Matsuyama are led in evening service by Congregationalist Dr. Clarence Gillett, 64. Center stone is inscribed "God Is Love."

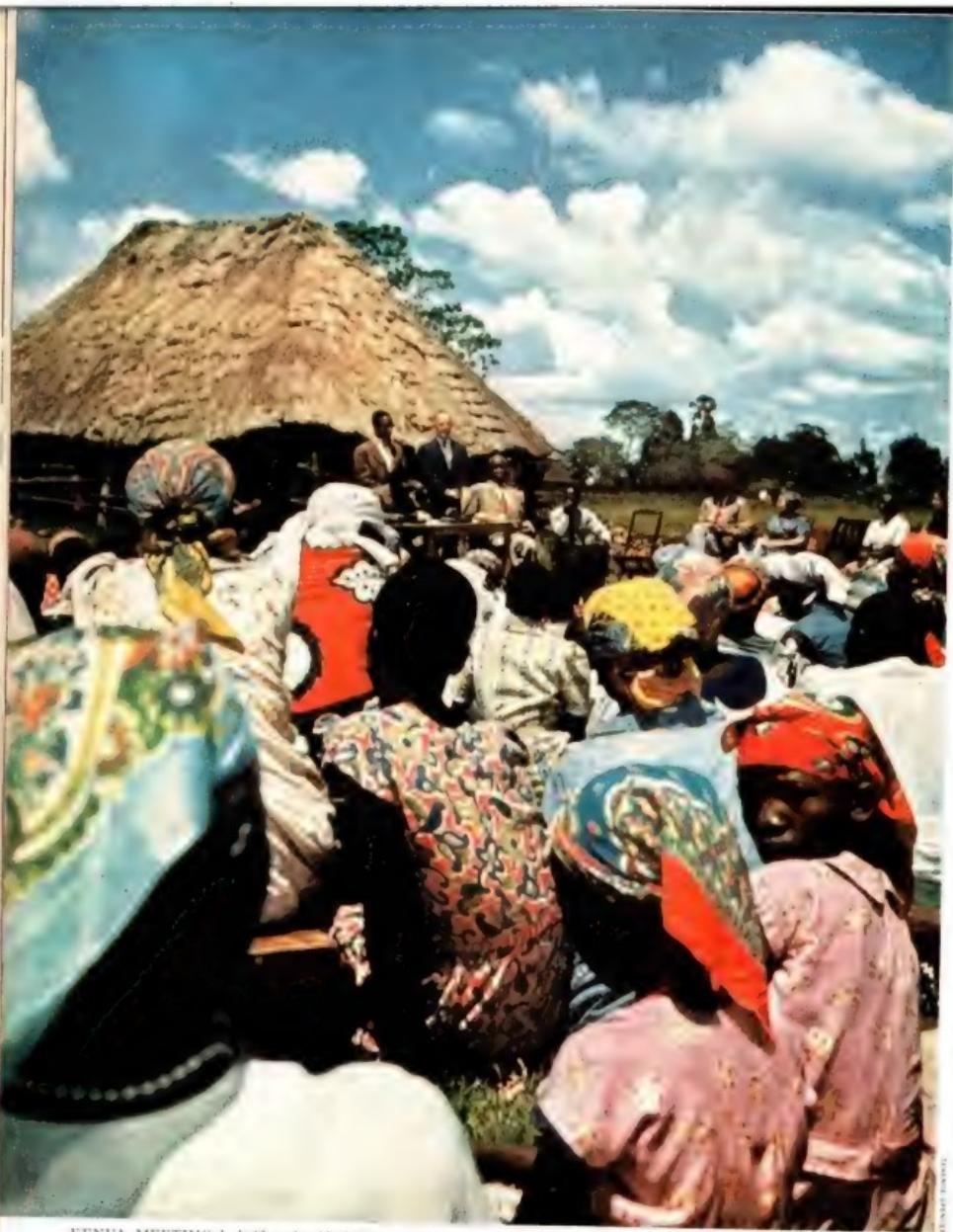


PERUVIAN PROJECT undertaken by David Beasley, 35, is 15-year task of rendering Scriptures into Huambisa for

Wyckoff Bible Translators. Congregationalist Beasley first learns native dialect from Indian at Lake Yarinacocha.

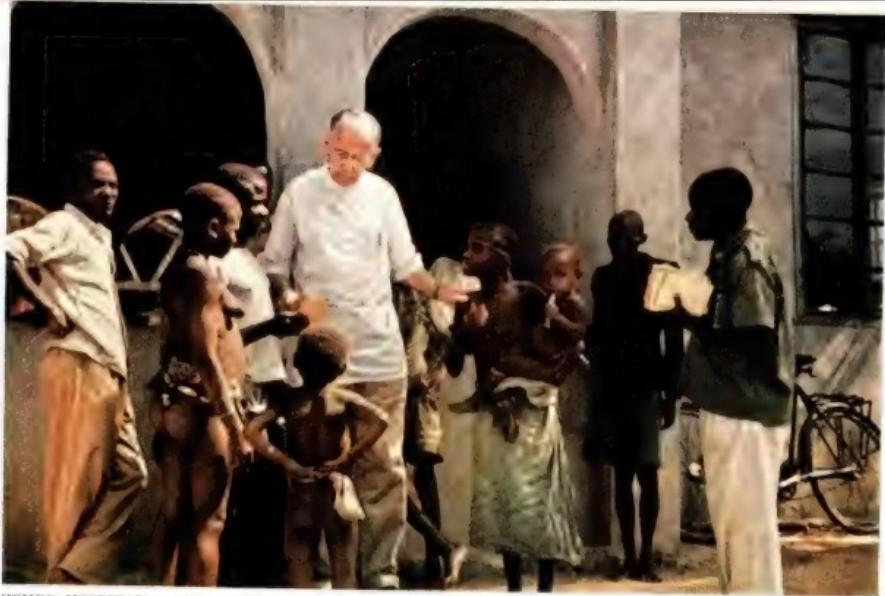


INDIA LESSON given by Warren Prawl, 28, Methodist with American Friends Service Committee, shows villagers in Orissa state how to can tomato juice in beer bottles.



KENYA MEETING is held under blazing equatorial sun in small village of Murhunda, few hundred miles from where Stanley found Livingstone. Speaker is Kansas-born Quaker Fred

Reeve, 53, director of Friends Africa Mission, founded in 1902 by three Ohio Friends. Today mission covers 3,000 sq. mi., has 275 schools, 550 churches with some 29,000 members.

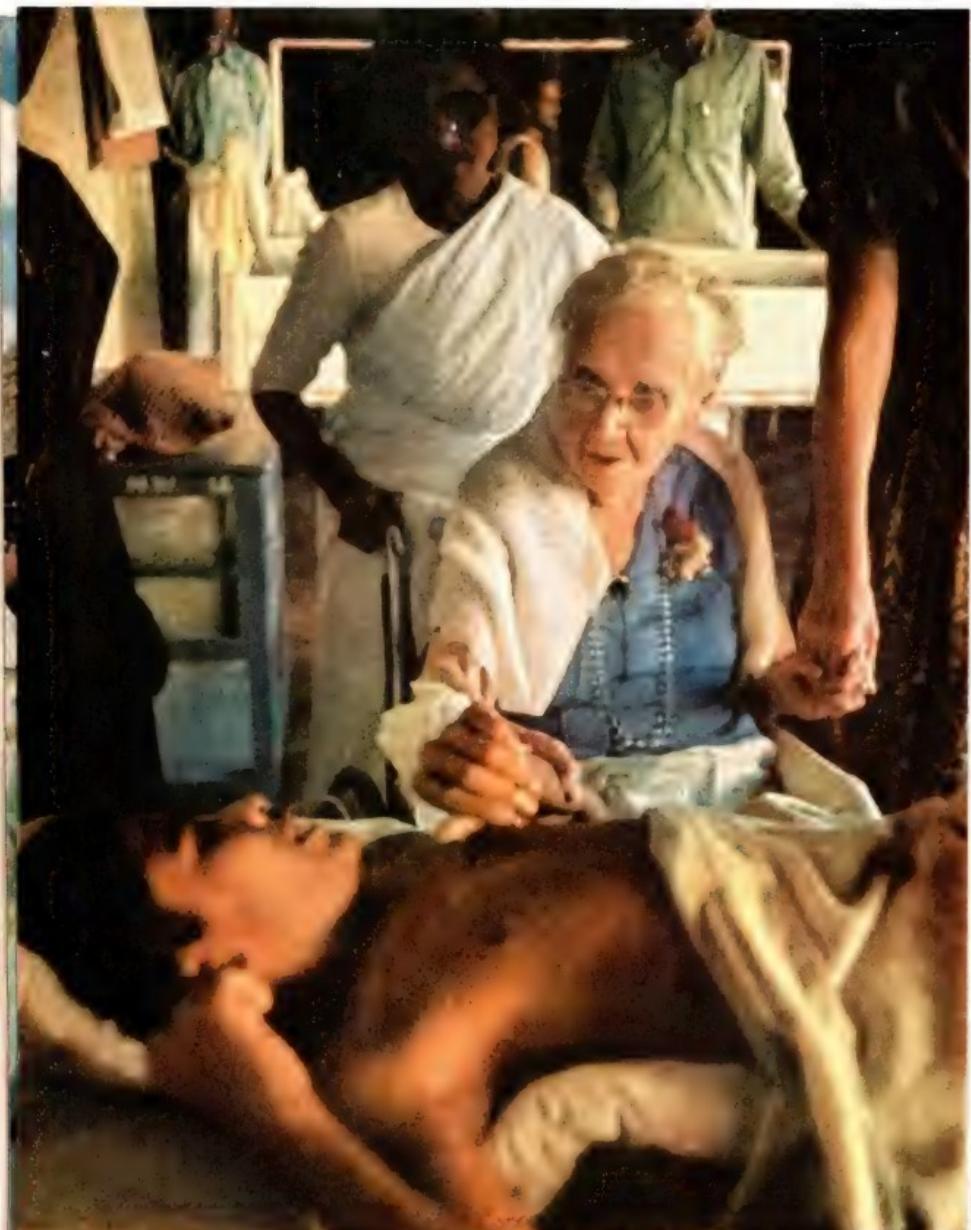


CONGO HOSPITAL in Oicha, operated by Dr. Carl K. Becker of Evangelical Congregational Church, services Pygmies from Ituri Forest. Colony of lepers is housed nearby.

TERENCE SPENCER

ARCTIC SHRINE to Our Lady of Lourdes was built by Roman Catholic Eskimos on Parry Peninsula, 200 miles above Arctic Circle. Stones were dragged 40 miles by dog sled.





INDIA PIONEER. Dr. Ida S. Scudder, grand old lady of missionary work still visits patients at age 86. Third-generation missionary of Dutch Reformed Church Dr. Ida decided on

medicine when she saw Indian women dying because their religious beliefs forbade male doctors. Hospital she founded in 1901 at Vellore now has 775 beds and fulltime staff of 300.

evenly between Protestants and Catholics.

LATIN AMERICA is nominally Roman Catholic, but "even by the most generous estimates," says Maryknoll Father Albert Nevens, "only about 10% can be called practicing Catholics." Out of a total population of 101 million, Latin America has only 6,131,000 Protestants, and there has been a consistent record of active persecution of Protestants in Mexico, Colombia and Bolivia. Despite these discouragements, there are 4,825 North American Protestant missionaries in Latin America.

The New Churches. In Asia and Africa, if not in Latin America, the native churches are a source of real hope to missionaries. "In essence, my job is the same as St. Paul's 1,000 years ago or my father's 70 years ago," says Presbyterian Dr. Sam Moseley in Korea. "Of course, there are differences. My father walked through valley after valley that had never heard the name of Christ. I drive down highways where I am rarely out of sight of a Christian church. And Asia's Christian churches of tomorrow will be built by Asia's own missionaries. But we Westerners will still be working with them, because the Christian mission has no national, no racial boundaries. And the Communists are all wrong when they say that the Christian church is 'invading' Asia. After all, Paul's mission was from Asia to the West. The church is just going home."

But the growing emphasis on native churches also presents crucial problems. Anglican Bishop Stephen Neill predicts it^a within 50 years, despite present Muslim inroads, all of tropical Africa may be Christian, but he also warns that the native churches are far from ready to deal with such an influx of new Christians.

Jobs for a Lifetime. Until the new churches can really stand on their own, much remains to be done by missionaries. Says Lutheran Wesley Sadler, who runs a literacy center in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland: "It is fallacious to say that the missionary should endeavor to work himself out of a job. Linguistic missionaries, for example, may have completed their task in a particular language area, but there are hundreds of others for them to turn their talents to. In general, the needs of the mission are great and will not be met in our lifetime nor in the lifetime of our children."

This week, Easter will be celebrated in all sorts and conditions of hardship by some 90,000 Christian missionaries who have turned cheerfully away from the cozy securities of the well-rooted churches to carry the Gospel where there is disease and disaster, blinding ignorance and binding poverty. Hardship is their choice, as it was Paul's—who once flung a sarcastic outburst on armchair Christianity at the Corinthians:

"I think God has exhibited us apostles as the lowest of the low, like gallows-birds; for we have become a spectacle to the universe, both angels and men. We are fools for Christ's sake, while you are most prudent Christians; we are feeble while you are strong; we are in disgrace while



PAUL IN PRISON

From his vision, a new kind of freedom, you are honored. To this very moment we are starving, thirsty, ragged, battered tramps . . . We are like the dregs and scum of society!"^b But he also said: "In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

The Pharisee. Paul was not raised to suffer public scourgings and jostlings in police courts. He was born (probably some ten to 15 years after Jesus) to a prominent family in a prominent city, Tarsus in Cilicia, famed for its wealth and culture. was 1,000 years old in Saul's time, had a population of about 500,000, and was one of the centers of Stoic philosophy. Unlike most of the other early Christians, Paul was a city sophisticate and always remained one; where the peasant authors of the Gospels took their figures of speech from nature (fishing, sowing, threshing and shepherding), Paul made urban metaphors—games in the stadium, business in the forum, triumphal processions through the city streets.

From his father, Paul inherited Roman citizenship, the most potent status symbol of those days, but he was also raised as a strict Pharisee, a member of the intellectual and spiritual elite of Judaism. According to Luke—generally accepted as author of the *Acts of the Apostles*—young Saul was sent to Jerusalem to study under the great rabbi Gamaliel. True to the Jewish tradition that a rabbi must have a trade so that he will never have to accept money for teaching the law of God, Saul was a tentmaker.

The Light. He storms onto the Biblical stage in the *Acts of the Apostles* as a hot-eyed, self-appointed persecutor of the Christian community in Jerusalem. He even appears at the stoning of Stephen.

^a British theologian C. H. Dodd's vivid translation of *1 Corinthians 2:9-13*.

Christianity's first martyr. He "made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women committed them to prison." Then all at once, in a flash of blinding light, he became one of them.

Paul himself refers to Christianity's most-renowned conversion rather tamely, with the words: "When it pleased God . . . to reveal his Son in me that I might preach him among the heathen." But *Acts* gives three versions, varying in detail but all including the sudden bright light and the collapse on the road to Damascus, the voice and vision of Jesus saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Blinded, he is led into the city where a Christian named Ananias, advised by a vision, lays his hands on Paul. "And . . . he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized."

Paul's sudden conversion from persecutor to apostle of the persecuted scholars has prompted New Testament scholars to some elaborate detective work and guessing games. Some believe that Paul spent most of his early career not in Jerusalem at all but in Damascus itself, hence could not have taken part in the stoning of Stephen or known Jesus. The emphasis on Jerusalem, suggests Professor John Knox of Union Theological Seminary, may have been provided by Physician Luke who may have innocently doctored both the *Acts* and his Gospel to present Christianity as a continuation of the mainstream of Judaism, thereby giving it protection as a recognized religion from Roman persecution. One scholar has even tried to explain Paul's early venomousness against the Christians by suggesting that Paul at one time considered himself to be the Messiah.

There is also a widespread theory that Paul was an epileptic, and that the "vision" on the road to Damascus was simply an attack of the disease. The symptoms are typical—the light, the falling, the temporary blindness. Supporters of this hypothesis point to Paul's mysterious reference (*II Corinthians 12:7-9*) to his suffering from a "thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan," and this significantly follows a passage in which he tells of a man (usually taken to be himself) who "was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." This neat theory has one important drawback, however: if the illness was the source of Paul's vision, epilepsy could hardly have also been a "thorn in the flesh."

Of Men & Angels. After his dramatic conversion, Paul spent about three years in Arabia, thinking through his new faith or preaching it. When he returned to Damascus, trouble was waiting for him. The Jewish community, looking on him as a traitor, had made arrangements with the Governor of the province to have Paul arrested. His fellow Christians promptly hid him, and his enemies, knowing that he must try to escape from the city, set up a constant watch at each of the Damascus gates. There followed the first of the many escapes that make Paul's life

something of a Biblical thriller. Under cover of darkness, he was smuggled into a room with a window in the city's outer wall and then let down in a basket to make his way safely to Jerusalem and his first meeting with Peter and James. Soon he returned to his home town, Tarsus, where he stayed for about a decade until Barnabas brought him to Antioch and the real beginning of his career.

Paul was about 38 then. According to a 2nd century work called *The Acts of Paul and Thecla*, he was "a sturdy little balding, bowlegged man, with meeting eyebrows and a somewhat hooked nose; full of grace; for sometimes he appeared like a man and sometimes he had the face of an angel." Detractors in the Corinthian church called "his bodily presence . . . weak, his speech contemptible," and Paul himself acknowledges that he is "rude in speech, yet not in knowledge." Paul's letters give the best evidence of how he must have preached (the direct quotes attributed to him in *Acts* were, according to the custom of the day, largely the composition of the author). Paul's style is so completely individual that scholars have no difficulty in identifying the letters bearing his name but not written by him.⁸ The words come in a rush, broken by frequent parenthetical asides, but though he was not trying to, he produced some of the most exalted passages in all Christian literature, e.g., (*1 Corinthians 13*): "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have no love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal . . ."

Saul into Paul. The preacher who indeed spoke with the tongues of men and angels remains a marvel to modern missionaries for his tireless traveling through the whole Mediterranean world, on foot, preaching in cities and hamlets, in markets under the eyes of Roman soldiers and slaves. His movements are generally divided into three missionary journeys, although actually they were not continuous trips.

On the first journey Barnabas and Paul left Antioch together to carry the Gospel to other cities of the Greek world. At Paphos, on the island of Cyprus, they were invited to preach before the Roman proconsul, Sergius Paulus, whose court magician set to heckling the two missionaries. At that, Paul turned on the man and denounced him so eloquently that Proconsul Paulus was converted, and his magician, according to *Acts*, went blind. After that encounter, Paul seems to have changed his name to its Roman form and become leader of the mission; the author of *Acts* begins to refer to Paul and Barnabas, instead of Barnabas and Saul.

At the end of this first journey, Paul returned to Jerusalem to take up an issue—seemingly technical but in fact momentous—that was to define Christianity's course for all time.

⁸ *Ephesians, Hebrews, I and II Timothy, Titus and III Corinthians* (not generally included in the New Testament canon).

Neither Jew nor Greek. Superficially, the first Christians seemed to be a sect of Judaism. Under the leadership of James, the brother of Jesus, the community in Jerusalem waited quietly for the end of the world, worshipping and sacrificing in the Temple, observing the fast and feast days and the stringencies of the Torah. Most of their converts were Jews; as for the Gentiles, it was understood that no man could be a Christian without first being a Jew—which meant circumcision and obedience to the dietary laws.

But Paul pointed to Jesus' consistent opposition to the tyranny of the Torah ("The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"). Faith in Christ, plus baptism, rather than rites and observances, he maintained, is all that is necessary. This teaching greatly appealed to the Gentiles, who were interested in a religion of personal salvation rather than the national salvation hoped for by Judaism. As Paul and Barnabas made more and more converts, opposition to them began to grow among the conservative Jewish Christians, who were shocked to find communities calling themselves Christian whose members were uncircumcised and ate what they liked.

On a visit to Antioch, Peter (prodiced by James) withdrew from the table that Paul shared with Gentile converts. The incident, with its implication that his Gentile converts were second-class Christians, prompted one of Paul's bursts of anger. "I withheld [Peter] to the face," he writes in *Galatians 2:11*, "because he was to be blamed . . ."

To settle the question with the Apostles once and for all, Paul set off for Jerusalem. Whatever his arguments were, Paul represents them as completely victorious. When James, Peter and John (who, says Paul disparagingly, "seemed to be pillars") "perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hands of fellowship; that we should go unto the heathen, and they unto the circumcision."

Paul had gone a long way toward establishing that in the new faith "there is neither Jew nor Greek . . . Ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

Europe Calls. On his next journeys, Paul developed his special missionary technique—traveling for the single purpose of organizing churches, then moving on when they could stand on their own, and keeping in touch with them by an exchange of letters and legates. This method, Paul's own invention, today is built into the missionary structure of Christianity.

In a new town he would always begin in the synagogue if there was one—using it as a springboard rather than as a place to convert many Jews. For the Christian doctrine that the Messiah had been executed as a criminal was, as Paul said, plain foolishness to Greeks but a special stumbling block to Jews. Paul inevitably did better among the Gentiles—until the almost inevitable blowup, usually organized by dissident Jews. Then his personal bravery was an evangelistic asset. In three



successive towns in Galatia, for example, Paul and Barnabas were expelled with violence (in one Paul was nearly stoned to death), but they returned and organized churches. In Ephesus, the makers of souvenirs silver models of the temple of Artemis for the tourist trade organized a spectacular riot against Paul and his fellow Christians because of their bad-for-business denunciations of idolatry.

Christianity moved west from Asia Minor to Europe after a dream in which the figure of a man appeared beside Paul's bed and cried: "Come over into Macedonia and help us!" Paul carried the Gospel across the Aegean, through Macedonia and down to Athens, where in the agora below the Acropolis he preached his most famous sermon, proclaiming "the unknown God" to whom the Athenians had erected a monument. Almost as well known is Paul's farewell to the Ephesian elders at Miletus, when they knelt weeping on the shore after he had told them, "You . . . will see my face no more."

Long-Distance Advice. Paul was not only an evangelist; he made himself responsible for the long-distance administration of the churches he had founded, and this was a staggering task at a time when every problem was a new one. The problems of the church in Corinth alone included rituals, interfaith relations, millennialism, litigation, sexual irregularity, diet, women's dress and relations between slaves and masters, Christians and pagans.

Though he did not know it, Paul's on-the-spot instructions were to set church precedents for centuries. His famed views



FIRST MISSIONARY

on sex and marriage are one example: Paul had little understanding of the sacramental possibilities of marriage, but he took sex very seriously. "It is good for a man not to touch a woman," but husbands must satisfy the desires of their wives and vice versa. Divorce he forbade—even of an unbelieving partner. Widows and the unmarried would do well to "abide even as I. But if they cannot contain, let them marry; for it is better to marry than to burn."

One of Paul's most hotly debated instructions (*Romans* 13:1-7), to submit to constituted authority ("Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers"), is an injunction that has often been used and abused in politics. Paul preached no "social Gospel"; Christian slaves should not hanker for their freedom ("Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called"), since they were free in Christ, and their Christian masters in turn were Christ's servants.

To a remarkable degree Paul had the grace—especially needed by a missionary—to keep his heart in heaven and his feet firmly planted on the ground. In *1 Corinthians*, after his wise and tolerant sermon on the diversity of spiritual gifts, after his famed passage on love and a triumphant challenge to death ("Where is thy sting?"), he ends with a matter-of-fact "Now concerning the collection . . ."

The Martyr. It was the collection for the Mother Church in Jerusalem that profoundly changed his future. In his letter to the *Romans*, he said he wanted nothing more than to come to Rome, but the

need to defend his ministry to the Gentiles against Jewish-Christian opposition in Jerusalem made it necessary for him to carry the latest collection there himself.

When he was visiting the Temple in Jerusalem, some Jews from Ephesus recognized Paul, whom they considered Judaism's arch-subversive, and at once raised an outcry that Paul had desecrated the holy place. A frenzied mob surged around him and might well have killed him, for the penalty for desecrating the Temple was death. But the Roman authorities, anxious to prevent any disturbance in this tinderbox of a colony, sent him off with an impressive armed escort (200 infantrymen, 200 spearmen and 70 cavalrymen) to the Procurator in Caesarea. Paul remained there in prison for two years, finally invoked his right as a Roman citizen to a trial in the capital. And so, after a shipwreck off Malta, the old saint arrived at Rome at last. He was in chains, but it was almost a triumphal entry: Rome's Christian community sent delegations to greet him along the Appian Way.

The *Book of Acts* closes with these words: "And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him." This is the last canonical word about him.

From his letters written in Rome—*Philippians*, *Colossians*, *Philemon*—it is known that friends and lieutenants of his missionary days gathered round him in

the easy imprisonment. There is no sure record of the outcome of his trial—if he was tried at all—or of the place or manner of his death.⁹ Most sources agree on one thing: that eventually he died a martyr's death in Rome. The earliest source—the letter from Rome to Corinth about the year 95, which is known as the First Epistle of Clement—implies that Paul and Peter were killed together, very likely during Nero's persecution of Christians after the great fire in July of 64.

Apostle of Resurrection. Paul left behind him not only the earliest written record of Christianity, but a lively Christian opposition. He has been accused by his detractors of altering the simple, love-centered religion of Jesus in his frenzy to organize new churches, of obscuring the gentle teachings of the Gospels in a cloud of murky mysticism, of supplanting the purity of the Disciples with an opportunistic zeal for converts that could lead him to say that he was "all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

It has also been noted to his discredit that Paul's letters rarely mention the sayings or doings of Jesus. But the atmosphere among Christians in Paul's time was still electric with expectation of the second coming: what Christ had said and done was of secondary importance to what he was. Thus Paul could dismiss the earthly life of Jesus with a summary: "Though

⁹ Roman Catholic tradition holds that Paul was martyred near Rome at a place called Aquae Salviae, now Trastevere, and was buried where the Basilica of St. Paul Outside the Walls now stands.



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we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more." To Paul this reality was more real, perhaps, than to the other leaders of the church, because he probably had not known Christ "after the flesh," but had known him in spirit and in his visions. His next words after that passage (*II Corinthians 5:16-17*) give the clue to the whole pattern of Paul's theology: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

To colonize the world for this new creation was Paul's missionary purpose—and to him, it was a race against time. Paul was not much interested in either words or works; he is the Apostle of faith and the Resurrection, upon which he does not hesitate to risk everything: "And if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen; and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

The Good News. The words "in Christ" are the central motif of Paul's mystical theology. They are synonymous with being a Christian, a member of the church. Being "in Christ" has been made possible by Christ's expiatory death, which has superseded all older means of man's justification and reconciliation before God. That idea, stated and restated across the centuries, remains the major message and weapon of the Christian missionary.

Like his modern successors, Paul had to thrust this idea against established power, against reason carrying a sword, against fear and hatred. He had advantages. The obscurity and humility of the roving preacher, whom the sophisticates of the day could dismiss as a crank, served both as a protection against smug enemies and as an earnest of his sincerity. His Gospel was not yet confused by the sins of rulers and the schemes of statesmen, the aridities of theologians and the terrors of schismatic wars. Inevitably, the Christians who followed after Paul lost his terrible sense of urgency—of the Kingdom about to burst upon him between the breathing of one breath and the next. And yet the Good News of man's salvation through Christ remains the most truly revolutionary force in the world. Again and again it has proved immeasurably greater than what history describes as revolutions, be they of the mind, the sword or the machine.

Among Paul's successors at their missionary labors around the earth this Easter, a new sense of urgency is abroad. As human history exposes more and more of the chains that bind mankind. Paul's call to freedom in Christ is once again taking on the bright sound of a trumpet blast. The man in Christ is the truly free man—the master of everything because he serves, the possessor of everything because he is possessed.

*For all things are yours;
Whether . . . the world, or life, or death,
Or things present, or things to come;
All are yours;
And ye are Christ's;
And Christ is God's.*



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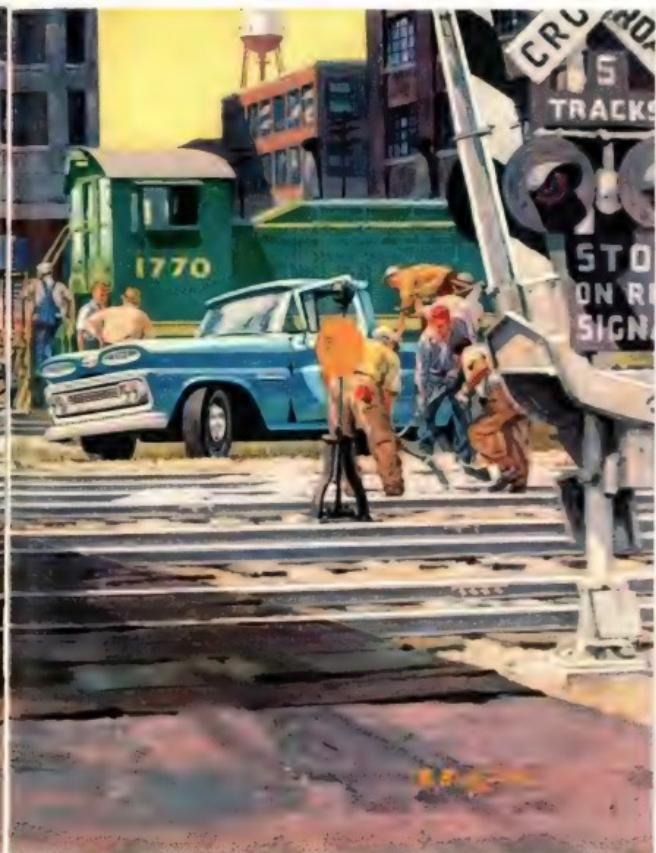
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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Conspiracy of Hearts (Rank: Paramount), an Easter hare from Britain that should have a grand run on the big U.S. circuits, is one of those mercifully rare, inexcusably entertaining sentimental melodramas that leave the customers wondering whether to scream, sob, sniffler, snicker, groan or have a heart attack. In this case, they will probably do a bit of everything, and wind up blissfully bushed by the mightiest emotional binge of the cinema season.

Robert Presnell's script is a deplorable masterpiece of tears and terrors that in

pounding along at an unholy pace and coaches a magnificent all-in-the-face performance out of Lili Palmer, who plays the mother superior. But Scenarist Presnell is obviously the man in charge. In 116 minutes of sheer artifice, he never once misses a melodramatic trick.

Time and again Presnell produces a moment of ulcer-perforating tension—deeper and deeper the pitchfork slashes into a load of garbage that conceals the tender bodies of nine children. Yet just as often he relaxes the show with a twinkle of sly ecclesiastical humor—"The soul," a middle-aged nun announces as she gazes in seraphic innocence at the motor of a stalled truck, "is about to depart from the battery." Or again, the script jerks the customer out of his socks with a gesture of almost electrocuting theatricality—knocked down by the fist of a Nazi brute, a priest struggles blindly to his feet, then firmly turns the other cheek. And even the most calcified tear duct will surely start to flow when Scenarist Presnell turns on the pathos—"What is your name?" a nun inquires of a tiny refugee who lifts her great dark eyes, surrounded by dark hollows of starvation, and sweetly replies: "Jew Dog."

The Fugitive Kind (Jarrow-Shepherd-Pennebaker: United Artists), which Playwright Tennessee Williams calls an "emotional record of my youth," was written when he was 25 and rewritten some 17 years later as *Orpheus Descending* (TIME, April 1, 1957). "I felt like my own life was something sick in my stomach," says the hero of the piece, "and I just had to throw it up. So I threw it up." Broadway audiences were not amused, and most moviegoers will probably feel the same way. In a way it's too bad, because somewhere in the mess there is a kind of nau-seating beauty to be found.

Made from a script by Playwright Williams and Screen Writer Meade Roberts, *The Fugitive Kind* has been described as "one of Tennessee's gentler dramas." The heroine is just normally murdered. The hero is only burned to death. The real theme is serenity through violence." Whatever it is, the theme is developed in a lurid reworking of the myth of Orpheus, the artist archetype. Orpheus is imagined as a New Orleans jazzbo (Marlon Brando) who has "been on party since I was 15." Disgusted, he decides to "split out" for somewhere else and make a sensible life for himself. But he is one of "the fugitive kind . . . the kind that don't belong no place at all."

At a dirty little town in Mississippi he asks for a job at "the mercantile store," and lists his qualifications: "My temperature's always a couple of degrees above normal, like a dog. I can go without sleep for 48 hours . . . And they say a woman can burn a man down, but I can burn a woman down." The storekeeper's wife (Anna Magnani), "a dago bootlegger's daughter" who is sick of her mean, bedrid-

den husband (Victor Jory), is particularly interested in the final qualification.

She hires him, and they fall in love. But trouble is not long in coming. A dipsomaniac (Joanne Woodward) takes the jazzbo's temperature and comes begging to be burned down. And finally in a jealous rage, the heroine's husband shoots her dead, while the sheriff and his men hurl the hero into a roaring inferno.

The Orpheus theme in all this is true and moving. But Williams has dissipated the theme in a maze of side issues, and Director Sidney (Twelve, Angry Men) Lumet has let too many scenes bog down in Brando's synthetic Southern drawl. In general, though, Brando gives an uncannily affecting performance, and what affects the audience is not his acting—he



PALMER & REFUGEE IN "HEARTS"
Sweats for the Devil.

effect resets the Biblical Massacre of the Innocents as a sort of Our Gang Tragedy, and just for good measure throws in what looks like an Alfred Hitchcock version of the Flight into Egypt.

In central Italy during World War II the Germans have set up a concentration camp for Jewish children, most of whose parents have been liquidated, not far from a good-sized convent. Italian partisans promptly dig a tunnel under the fence, and the Italian guards look the other way while the children escape. Nuns meet the children at tunnel's end and hide them in the convent crypt until partisans can pick them up.

All goes well until the easygoing Italian commandant (Ronald Lewis) is replaced by a Wehrmacht colonel (Albert Lieven) who soon begins to suspect that the convent's Christian charity is not necessarily limited to Christians. At the last, the suspense is enough, as the Italians say, to make the Devil sweat holy water.

Credit for much of the excitement belongs to Director Ralph (Doctor in the House) Thomas, who keeps *Hearts*



MAGNANI & BRANDO IN "FUGITIVE"
Burns all around.

passionately refuses to act—but his own luminous, personal intensity.

Like all of Williams' plays, *The Fugitive Kind* is awash with symptoms and symbols for amateur psychiatrists to figure out and snigger at. The playwright's vision of the free creative spirit, though perhaps derived from Baudelaire's comparison of the poet with an albatross, provides a beautiful speech, and Brando speaks it with great sweetness and expressiveness. "You know," he says, "they're a kind of bird that don't have legs so it can't light on nothing but it has to stay all its life on its wings in the sky? That's true. I seen one once . . . It had a body as tiny as your little finger . . . but its wings spread out this wi-i-i-i-ide. They was transparent, the color of the sky, and you could see through them . . . But those little birds, they don't have no legs at all, and they live their whole lives on the wing, and they sleep on the wind . . . They just spread their wings and go to sleep on the wind. They sleep on the wind and never light on this earth but one time. When they die."



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Masters' Master

Predicting the winner of a major golf tournament is about as easy as scoring a hole in one. But before the 1960 Masters tournament at Augusta got under way, husky Arnold Palmer, 30, of Latrobe, Pa., was solidly established as the favorite. Palmer had already won four tournaments this year. He had always played well in the Masters, winning in 1958 and finishing third last year. And the rambling Augusta National Golf course seemed made to order for his long-hitting game. Said one pro: "On other courses a puffball hitter can get hot, but here you've got to play four days, and you've got to be a bull. Palmer is a bull."

Palmer lived up to such bullish notices in the first round. Although he had trouble with his short irons, his drives boomed out for 260 and 270 yds. at a crack. His putting was deadly: on the last hole, he stroked an 18-footer that seemed to die about two feet from the cup, then limped in for a birdie three! After field-leading round of 67, he admitted that "I drove very good"—then quickly corrected the comment to "good enough." Palmer's most highly touted competitor, smooth-swinging young, (28), Ken Venturi, burned up the front nine with a 31, then collapsed, coming home with a weekend golfer's 42.

Whipping the Woods. Next day Palmer was off form—for Palmer. Frowning and shaking his head, he missed putt after putt, finished the first nine two over par. But he whipped his woods and irons into shape, finished with a respectable 73, one over par. That was good enough for the lead—but only because of an odd penalty to another bright young pro, Dow Finsterwald, 30. Finsterwald, with a 60 for the first round and a 70 for the second, would have been a stroke ahead of Palmer. But after sinking a second-day putt, he started to take a practice putt on the same green. He was reminded by his playing mate, Billy Casper, that it was illegal—and he thereupon told officials that he had unwittingly broken the same rule the day before. The penalty: two strokes.

High winds made the third round the tournament's toughest. Palmer finished the first nine in 34. But on the 475-yd. 13th hole he gambled. Trying to make the green with his second shot, he landed instead in a creek, took a bogey 6 for the hole. And again, throughout most of the day, Palmer had putting troubles. Finishing the round with a 72, he groaned, "I've puttied like Joe Shmokes two days in a row." At that point, his tournament total of 212 was only one better than that of a five-man pack on his heels: Ben Hogan, beginning to weary ("Every time I stand over the ball I feel like the hole is filled with my corpuscles"), Finsterwald, Venturi, Casper and Julius Boros.

Pausing & Gulping. Then came the final day—and the final drama. Most of the afternoon Palmer was riding with the pressure of the five devils on his back.



Levin—Atlanta
GOLFER ARNOLD PALMER
The bull got the birdies.

He was still well out on the course when Venturi finished with a silky 70, giving him a 283—or five under par—for the tournament. By the time he got to the 16th hole Palmer needed one birdie to tie, two to win. On the 16th he had to make a 20-ft. uphill putt for a birdie. He opted to leave the flag in the hole. The putt was true—but overstroked. It hit the flag and ricocheted away.

Thus, with two holes left, Palmer needed one birdie just to stay alive for a play-off with Venturi. But a tie was the last thing in his mind. Approaching the 17th tee, he told an official in a matter-of-fact tone: "Well, I've got to make two birdies."

On the 17th he left himself a 25-ft. putt on a wickedly convoluted green. He stroked it. The ball seemed to stroll up to the cup's brink, pause, gulp—and drop. Palmer, with one hole to go, was tied with Venturi.

The finish, in a way, was anticlimactic. An almost perfectly hit second shot with a six-iron left Palmer with a 5-ft. putt for the birdie he needed to win. Where before he had left his huge gallery cliff-hanging for minutes while he painstakingly sized up each stroke, now he appeared merely anxious to get it over with. He addressed the ball—and sank it.

A new king, who might reign for a decade or more, had won his crown—and \$17,500—under tremendous pressure.

Surprise & Confusion

Chess is the sort of game that mathematicians consider their own particular pumpkin pie. Many are the learned cyphernetics treatises arguing that the world's best chess player may one day be a com-



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puting machine instead of a human (indeed, International Business Machines is even now perfecting a chess-playing computer). But in Moscow last week, there seemed dramatic evidence that chess is at least as much psychological as logical—and that the machine is unlikely to triumph over the mind.

In the midst of a tense, 24-game match for the world's chess championship were Mikhail Botvinnik, 48, who has held the title since 1948 with one year's lapse, and Challenger Mikhail Tal, 23. As the competition developed, the conflict of their personalities became more important than their technical skills.

By profession, Botvinnik is an electrical engineer, and one of the Soviet Union's best (he helped design the turbines for a giant hydroelectric plant on the Volga). He brings an engineering mind to the chessboard; steeped in the classical traditions and theories of chess, he sizes up his opponent, selects his form of attack and, pondering each move to the limit of allowed time, develops it with ruthless precision.

Brash, hawk-nosed Challenger Tal is Botvinnik's exact opposite. A graduate of the philology department at the Latvian State University in Riga, he has made chess his profession; when he is not playing the game he is writing about it in a Riga chess journal, which he edits. During a game, he makes his moves swiftly. Between moves, he circles endlessly around the table. Then, as though in response to an electric brain-flash, he stops in his tracks, hovers over the board, and, when his turn comes, swoops down like a hawk on the piece he intends to move.

Tal's game is unorthodox, often appearing to the chess purist to fly in the face of reason. Against Botvinnik, he several times seemed to sacrifice a piece without apparent advantage. But he also achieved his primarily psychological purpose: that of confusing and spoiling the precise calculations of his opponent. Time and again, unexpected Tal moves forced Botvinnik to hesitate so long that he ran into trouble with his time limit, then rushed into making weak moves. Last weekend, with 13 games left to play, Tal led by 6½ to 4½. And in the ninth game of the match, Botvinnik won only by adopting Tal's tactics: he sacrificed a pawn without apparent reason—and thereby surprised and confused the challenger who specializes in surprise and confusion.

"All We Women Did . . ."

Among all the ceaseless points of competition between the male and female of the species, at least one area of male superiority has long been supposed unchallenged: women are lousy drivers; men are great. Last week that illusion, too, was shattered. In one of the most competitive of U.S. driving tests, the 2,061-mile, five-day Mobilgas Economy Run from Los Angeles to Minneapolis, women won the most coveted honors.

Permitted to participate in the Mobilgas contest only since 1957, womankind furnished 20 of the 56 drivers in the



MOTORIST MARY DAVIS
The guy bowed like a baby.

1960 run. Among them were a grandmother, seven housewives, a bobbysoxer, a women's-club president, a would-be astronaut and a café singer. The run is publicly billed by automakers as a true test of miles-per-gallon efficiency. But most of Detroit agrees that the skill of the driver makes about a 25% difference. Last week, in the top three of the competition's six classes, woman drivers took two firsts, one second.

To salve male souls, the female showing was not entirely based on driving skills. Explains blonde Mary Davis, 31, a Hollywood restaurant owner and the driver of the winning Plymouth Belvedere in the low-price, eight-cylinder class: "We women did damn well in the mouth department—and we didn't do too badly in the driving either." At the stops along the course, the women indeed did a good job of talking their male competitors into states of nervous exhaustion. Said Mary Davis: "Anyone who's on the road for hours at a time like this is inclined to be tense and irritable anyhow. All we women did was say things like 'Gee, Woody, you don't look well,' and help the men get more irritated faster. I saw one guy break down and start bawling like a baby after the first day, when he found out we were leading him."

To tall, slim Mary Hauser, a Hollywood housewife who knows little about the innards of automobiles ("I don't even know where the oil stick is"), the economy run seemed relatively simple. Said Mrs. Hauser, winner of the low-price, six-cylinder class in a Plymouth Savoy: "I think male drivers are high-strung, tense, too worried about stepping on the accelerator without thinking. Me, I just sit there calmly, smoking a cigarette, steering with one hand—and shaking my teeth."

Tennis, men?



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See paragraph 9, opposite page.

The motor car accused of conduct unbecoming a sedan

Motorists who have driven the new Jaguar 3.8 agree that never before has a sedan behaved in quite such an untypical fashion.

The typical sedan, as most Americans know it, tends toward excesses in décor and dimension. Long, low and wide, it has, in the interest of "style," sacrificed motoring's most important consideration. That is, *an automobile is meant to be driven.*

Once, Americans delighted in the road performance of the automobile—an interest which became part of our national attitude and reflected itself in some of America's great automotive marques. But, as America passed into a new era, this appreciation of great motor cars waned—and with it, the pleasure of driving "for the fun of it."

Rebirth of pleasure-driving

However, in England and on the Continent, automobiles continued to be designed that were still stimulating and fun to drive. True motoring enthusiasts in this country turned to these cars and the driving rewards they offered. It is these automobiles that have kindled the ever-growing return to pleasure-driving in America today.

Yet, for the American family man, some small imported cars, while desirable, may be impractical. Though this kind of car could well satisfy his appetite for the real pleasure of driving, his family responsibilities require the spaciousness of a sedan.

It is to solve this problem of having one's cake and eating it, too, that the Jaguar 3.8 has been created. For here is a motor car that affords the complete comforts of a luxury sedan without compromising motoring excellence. The Jaguar 3.8 has been engineered to deliver true sports car performance, while, at the same time, fulfilling the necessary func-

tions of a family sedan (the car accommodates five passengers, yet measures but 180 $\frac{1}{4}$ " overall length, 107 $\frac{1}{2}$ " wheelbase).

What makes the 3.8 unusual?

Under the hood, Jaguar has fitted its famous XK engine. This engine claims direct descent from the power plants that won Jaguar its famed racing victories at Le Mans. The engine in a Jaguar 3.8 will produce 225 bhp at 5,500 rpm, placing at your command an automobile capable of speeds of more than 120 miles per hour. Why make a car that will go so fast? Good British logic—a car capable of performing safely at 120 mph, is so very much safer when performing at the normal highway speeds.

The 3.8's suspension system, like that on any Jaguar, maintains even weight distribution between front and rear ends to provide a sure, balanced ride. Thus, when ruts and bumps are encountered, the 3.8 actually "pulls back" to hold an even keel. And, instead of leaning to one side when turning, the 3.8 corners squarely on all four wheels in true sports car fashion.

Steering is quick and responsive. The 3.8 is engineered to allow the driver to complete a full right-angle corner with little more than a full turn of the steering wheel, or turn a complete circle in 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet. As a result, the Jaguar 3.8 is equally at home on the twists and curves of a mountain road or within the traffic of a crowded city.

The brakes on the 3.8 match in stopping power any speed of which the car is capable. Power-assisted Dunlop 4-Wheel Disc Brakes, they were first used on aircraft, then on Jaguar racing cars. Self-adjusting, they bring the car to a safe, sure stop under all road conditions.

The owner of the Jaguar 3.8 will

notice even the smallest details of the car are intended to further superior road performance—the dashboard instruments are sensibly placed with rpm counter and speedometer directly in front of the driver; the large windscreen with very slim pillars and the wrap-around rear window afford added visibility; the front seat and steering wheel are both adjustable for reach,

The luxury that is Jaguar

The appearance of the Jaguar 3.8 is elegant, without affectation; distinctive, but not self-conscious. The car's simple beauty is an extension of the 3.8's function as an automobile that is meant to be driven. Its graceful lines hint at the splendid performance of this car in motion.

Interior appointments of the Jaguar 3.8 reflect typical British elegance. The dash is styled of cabinet walnut. For your passengers' convenience, flush-litting walnut occasional tables open into the rear compartment. The upholstery is firm and comfortable, hand fitted with the finest British glove leather.

A personal invitation

The Jaguar 3.8 successfully combines the driving rewards of a true sports car with the creature comforts of a luxury sedan. Yet, the Jaguar 3.8 is priced from only \$4,763 (suggested retail price P.O.E.). However, the production of this fine automobile is limited. Therefore, we urge you to visit your local Jaguar showroom now for a personal driving demonstration of this latest of Jaguars—the 3.8 Sedan.

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MUSIC

Classical Records

Over drinks in the Carnegie Hall bar it is still possible to stir a lively argument as to whether Toscanini was really as great as all that. Now a fascinating new record titled *Memorial Tribute to Arturo Toscanini* proves once again that he was. His critics often maintain that he was off base in the German classical repertory, and that he tried to turn Beethoven into Verdi. But this record, drawn from rehearsal disks and tapes,* shows that the passion and honesty he brought to all music could lift the players to a remarkable pitch of performance.

Throughout the rehearsal sessions, Toscanini's voice can be heard explaining, correcting, cajoling, scolding. Sometimes, when he attempts to convey his feelings for the music, language fails him. "Mozart," he cries, "must be allegro. It must smile! Allegro not only with the tempo but with this!"—and he resoundingly slaps his face. At times he speaks like a counseling father: "I don't believe that to be a great man one needs to play only Wagner or Beethoven. Play also *Traviata* as you are best able to play. I like this music as I like Mozart."

But Toscanini's absorption in the music is nowhere better demonstrated than when he raises his cracked old voice in song. During the *Traviata* rehearsals he is sometimes the ardent young Alfredo, singing the aria *De' miei bollenti spiriti*, sometimes the gravely dignified Germont, making his moving plea to Violetta—*Pura siccione un angelo*. In the most fascinating section of all, the old man launches into Violetta's famed *Sempre libera*, sounding hoarse, wildly off key, but somehow convincing in the aria's feverish abandon.

Other new records

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 3 (Glenn Gould, pianist; the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leonard Bernstein; Columbia; mono and stereo). Beethoven's symmetrically balanced dialogue between piano and orchestra emerges in a muscular, energetic and relentlessly logical reading. Pianist Gould and Conductor Bernstein work their brilliant moves like a pair of lifelong chess opponents who anticipate each other by the shift of a pawn.

Haydn: Four Divertimenti for Baryton, Viola and Violoncello (Salzburger Barytontrio; Archive, mono). These four trios, written by Haydn for his patron,

Prince Esterhazy, feature a viola fitted with both gut strings and resonating wire strings. All told, Haydn wrote 126 little-known trios for the baryton. In this recording, the instrument sounds with a rich, full voice slightly nasalized by those vibrating wires. The musical conversation is by turns grave, sprightly and mocking, and the performance is uniformly elegant.

Bartok: Music for String Instruments, Percussions and Celesta, and *Frank Martin: Petite Symphonie Concertante* (Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Gloria Agostini harp; Mitchell Andrews, piano; Leopold Stokowski conducting; Capitol, mono and stereo). Both Composers Bartok and Martin anticipated the dreams of the stereo engineers by calling for strings divided in equal groups on either side of the conductor. The resulting spread of sound is interesting, but less so than Stokowski's fine performance. Even with a pickup orchestra, his Bartok glows with tonal colors as weird and arresting as an electrical storm, and his vigorous reading of Martin has a fine shimmer and glow.

Mahler: Symphony No. 4 (Lisa Della Casa; the Chicago Symphony, conducted by Fritz Reiner; RCA Victor, mono and stereo). Even in the flood of Mahler-year recordings, Conductor Reiner's brilliant, surgically clean reading of the *Fourth* is a standout. Under his baton, the massive Mahler sonorities remain remarkably clear and unclogged, and what often smacks of bombast in other performances emerges as music of dignity and grandeur. Soprano Della Casa sings the folkslike melody of the fourth movement with warmth and charm.

Italian Music in the Age of Exploration (The Fleetwood Singers; Lyricord, stereo). Skillful, spirited performances of madrigals by a dozen all-but-forgotten composers of the 16th century. The names include Luzzasco Luzzaschi, Costanzo Porta and Giuseppe Caimo, and the themes have to do with the hazards of love. The music, performed by seven singers with occasional guitar and harpsichord accompaniment, has wit, moments of placid beauty, and a colorfully antique air.

Brendan Behan Sings Irish Folk Songs and Ballads (Spoken Arts). "Sings" is the nonoperative word here; Irish Playwright Behan growls, gurgles and lurches in and out of key like a drunk on a swaying bus ("I usually talk nice," he concedes, "when I have me teeth"). Nevertheless, he performs with engaging gusto and humor, and with considerably more conviction than most of his folk-styled competition. The numbers include *On the 18th Day of November*, *The Captains and the Kings*, *I Am a Happy English Lad*, rendered in a wildly improbable parody of an Oxford accent. Some of Behan's barroom sweepings are fresh as newsprint.

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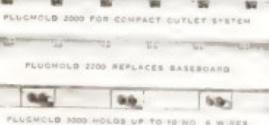
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MILESTONES

Divorced. By Duncan Sandys, 52, Britain's Aviation Minister; Diana Churchill Sandys, 30, Sir Winston's eldest daughter; after 25 years of marriage, three children; in London.

Died. The Rev. W. H. (Bill) Alexander, 45, strapping, red-haired pastor of Oklahoma City's egg-shaped First Christian Church, one-time chaplain of the Republican National Committee, who ran for the U.S. Senate in 1950 and lost to Democrat Mike Monroney; when his twin-engined plane crashed into a milk truck at Camp Hill, Pa., also killing his wife Marylouise, 36, and their pilot.

Died. David Blair Owen, 51, one-time president of Bradley University in Peoria, Ill., who resigned in 1952 after a New York judge sent five Bradley basketball players to jail for throwing a game but fingered Owen as the true culprit for fostering "illegal recruiting, subsidization of athletes, evasion of scholastic standards, corruption of the athlete, the coach and the college official"; of a beating suffered when he was robbed and stripped in a cheap Washington, D.C. hotel.

Died. Peter Llewellyn Davies, 68, British book publisher, who as a child was seen romping in London's Kensington Gardens by Sir James Matthew Barrie, became the forever-young model for Barrie's *Peter Pan* as well as his longtime friend; in a London subway accident.

Died. Alfred Kohlberg, 73, Manhattan textile importer and rough-and-tumble fighter against Communism who, as one-time head of the American Jewish League Against Communism, came to be called by his enemies "the Jewish Joe McCarthy"; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. In 1944, as a member of the influential Institute of Pacific Relations, Kohlberg charged that I.P.R. was being "used by the Reds to orientate American Far Eastern policies toward Communist objectives." The I.P.R. denied Kohlberg's charges but, after they had been aired before the U.S. Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee, dropped fellow travelers from its roster.

Died. Lowell Mellett, 76, longtime Scripps-Howard editor and executive, who turned to New Deal politics, headed President Roosevelt's National Emergency Council in 1937-38 and the Office of Government Reports in 1939-42, was one of F.D.R.'s so-called "secret six" braintrusters from 1940 to 1944; after a long illness; in Washington.

Died. Evelyn Emily Mary Fitzmaurice Cavendish, 89, Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, mother-in-law of British Prime Minister Macmillan, and grandmother-in-law of the late Marchioness of Hartington, who was Kathleen Kennedy, sister of Senator John Kennedy; in London.

Love Letters to Rambler



High school principal Clyde Willman, of Fargo, North Dakota, took his wife and two sons, ages 12 and 16, on a 30-day vacation tour of the West.

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Gamble Benedict's Wedding



The runaway courtship of heiress Gamble Benedict and her Rumanian sweetheart, Andrei Porumbeanu, won banner headlines—but few pictures—in the nation's press last week.

This week, you *see* it all in LIFE—the elopement, the wedding ceremony, the celebration, the honeymoon.

As the decade's stormiest, most talked-about romance came to a hectic climax, LIFE reporters and photographers were on hand to record in pages of *exclusive* photographs a full and intimate picture story you'll see nowhere else but in the new issue of LIFE Magazine—out today.

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ART

The Emperor's Combine

Latest darling of the far-out art set is a lean, mild-mannered Texan named Robert Rauschenberg. His exhibition at Manhattan's Leo Castelli Gallery last week drew admiring crowds, though some gawkers seemed in secret doubt of what they saw. As on another occasion, famed in fable, when an emperor paraded in invisible clothes, the atmosphere was both festive and constrained.

Rauschenberg calls his works "com-bines" because they combine painting with props pasted or fastened to the picture. ("It begins with a painting and then sort of moves out into the room.") He gained notoriety by attaching a pillow to a patchwork quilt, splashing paint over them, and calling the result *The Bed*. But such beginning efforts had "a souvenir quality," Rauschenberg says, "which I am now trying to kill. Nostalgia tends to eliminate some of the directness. Immediacy is the only thing you can trust." Among the fragments of immediate experience with which Rauschenberg floods his latest work are stuffed birds, a ladder, and three radios blaring at once (behind a combine entitled *Broadcast*).

Biggest and best exhibit was called simply *Allegory*. It featured an umbrella, and a bar mirror to which had been affixed a

cascade of crumpled tin. Bar mirrors are a bore, as filled with eyes sometimes as tapioca, and they have a blandly unpleasant way of catching the drinker unaware. The tin in *Allegory* made a witty, tasteful substitute for reflection. Esthetically, the umbrella, too, was a brilliant stroke, its sharply precise form and clot texture in telling contrast to the gleaming glass and crumpled metal.

Born 34 years ago in Port Arthur, Rauschenberg supposed "that all painters go to Paris." He made his way there as a student, but disliked the talky atmosphere. In 1948 he read a TIME article about Abstractor Josef Albers' art teaching at Black Mountain College, and hurried home to sit at Albers' feet: "He taught me that there is something to see in anything if you just look." That seems to be the message of Rauschenberg's own art.

He long supported himself by commercial art, but that day is past; the combines created in Rauschenberg's Manhattan loft bring from \$400 to \$7,500 apiece. Such public demand for such private images is one of the art boom's most fascinating phenomena. Does it reflect a starvation diet of subjective experience amongst the mass of rich Americans? Or do people buy Rauschenberg to share in his quiet protest against what they think is a cellophane-wrapped sort of world?



RAUSCHENBERG & "GIFT TO APOLLO"

MORE IN SORROW

Of all the angry young artists who came to maturity in the 1930s, few seemed angrier than Philip Evergood, now 58. Today, his voice still booms, his eyes go wide, his hands and arms slash the air. And some of his paintings still roar with indignation. But by last week, when Manhattan's Whitney Museum of American Art opened its first Evergood retrospective show, the famed singer had mellowed into something hauntingly gentle.

Had he so chosen, Philip Evergood could have lived a perfectly respectable life. His father, an artist named Meyer Blashki, was an Australian Jew of Polish descent who had emigrated to the U.S., but his mother was a member of a well-to-do Anglican family who was determined to have her son educated in her native England. When Philip failed to get past the Committee of Admirals for entrance into the Royal Naval Training College at Osborne, his father fired off an angry letter to First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill, demanding to know whether the boy's last name had influenced the admirals. Convinced that it had, Meyer Blashki renamed himself and his son Evergood, and the boy duly did time at both Eton and Cambridge. But Cambridge and Philip did not long agree, for he finally made up his mind that all he wanted to do was paint.

The Agony. He studied in London, New York and Paris (where he met his wife Julia), eventually settled in Manhattan. By that time, the Depression had hit. The bleak agony of it made its way onto canvas after canvas: the bloody strikes, the mine disasters, that numbing, job-losing moment that Evergood recorded as *The Pink Dismissal Slip*. Evergood himself was a part of the famed "219 Strike," in which

219 artists staged an ill-fated demonstration against being swept from the rolls of the WPA. He was clubbed into insensitivity, spent the night in a cell ankle-deep in filth.

On canvas, Evergood's figures were apt to be as chunky as himself, his colors applied in solid, intricately designed blocks. But the mood could be as soft as a glow. In *Portrait of My Mother*, he painted a woman who, doggedly masking her pain, calmly awaits certain death from cancer. And in *My Forebears Were Pioneers* (see color), he paid tribute to a stiff-backed old lady he happened to see seated with a kind of majesty in the midst of the ruins left by the New England hurricane of 1938.

The Pitch. Today, in his converted Connecticut barn, Philip Evergood says of *Forebears*: "I could not possibly paint that picture again. Maybe my hand has gone forward, maybe backward, but no artist can remain the same." Now established and in considerable demand ("In a time when 90% of painting is abstract, there is, happily, a segment of the world that comes to me"), Evergood no longer has to struggle over design. "Now I believe that I can take a palette knife and with one slashing movement suggest what I labored over before." His colors, he says, are "juicier," his pitch is often "in the highest key." Occasionally he will vent his rage in brilliant, clashing clutters of symbolic figures. But there remains an almost childlike sweetness that Evergood has never been able to outgrow. "Oh, that," says he of a painting. "That's just a sad little Negro girl who is all alone in the straggly bit of forest she has wandered into. She is happy for a moment, maybe because she's out of Tobacco Road for a while. Maybe it's only in her dreams. I don't know."



PAINTER EVERGOOD



PHILIP EVERGOOD'S "MY FOREBEARS WERE PIONEERS" (1940).

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THE PRESS

How to Get Along

Last October, after Peking granted a temporary visa to Frederick C. Nossal of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* (circ. 226,000), Nossal joined a corps of foreign correspondents distinguished mainly for partisan reporting. Indeed, of Peking's 25-man complement of visiting newsmen, only two others—both wire-service men, one from Agence France-Presse and one from Reuters, Ltd.—are of the non-Communist press. After reading thousands of words of Nossal's copy, his hosts expressed themselves as more than satisfied with the new visitor. Conferring on him the distinction of being the Western Hemisphere's first Red China-based newsmen, they extended Nossal's visa another six months—and even let him bring in a car.

From Peking's point of view, such courtesies to the *Globe* and the *Globe's* Nossal were no more than reciprocal. In Red China's longstanding suit for admission to the United Nations, the *Toronto Globe* is a warm Canadian ally. "To refuse to recognize the real, effective Chinese government is bad enough," said the *Globe* in an editorial last August. "But to pretend that a rump regime, decaying on a small island, is the true government of China is sheer folly."

During his first six months in Peking, Austrian-born Correspondent Nossal, 33, has done little to impair the *Globe's* diplomatic relations with Red China. Bland, approving copy has flowed westward, uncensored, on Red China officialdom ("gracious and courteous"), babies ("cute and chubby and cuddlesome"), the sights in the capital ("Peking is almost ready for the tourists"); it has little to be ashamed of

and much to be proud of"). Premier Chou En-lai ("vibrant personality"), and industry ("The organization of China's industrial enterprises is excellent"). Sometimes his stories have sounded as if they were translated from the original Red Chinese: "The West must come to China, even if it involves the loss of Formosa. The world has reached a stage where most nations would probably admire the U.S. for withdrawal from Formosa."

Critical copy has been rare and mild. To Nossal, "gentle" was the word for Red Chinese thought control. In another dispatch he wrote: "Here in China, if the weaklings (or rightists or anyone who isn't for the ruling circles) make too much noise, they are silenced smartly." Then he added: "Any Western commentators who suggest that the masters of Peking do away with their critics are talking utter nonsense."

Nossal's uncritical reporting from Red China can be explained partly in terms of Red China's low tolerance for any other kind, partly because he went to Peking under orders from the *Globe* to stick to features and to avoid antagonizing his hosts. In any event, it hardly seems worth the expense.

Washington Monument

In the pundits' pontificating that followed the Wisconsin primaries, readers of The New York Times were given their analytical druthers. In a single issue appeared 1) a general analysis by Washington Correspondent William H. Lawrence, 2) a Catholic and farm-vote analysis by Washington Bureau Chief James Reston, 3) an analysis of Republican cross-over



Walter Bennett

COLUMNIST KROCK
To the lode in hip boots.

voting by Chicago Correspondent Donald Janson, 4) a sidebar analysis by Chicago Bureau Chief Austin Wehrwein, 5) an analysis of New York Democratic reaction by Political Reporter Leo Egan, and 6) a New Jersey reaction analysis by Reporter George Cable Wright.

But to those who stood the gaff, perhaps the most rewarding appraisal came on the editorial page under the byline of a Washington monument: Arthur Krock. With tongue tucked tightly in cheek, Krock made it plain that he, like an old friend and news source named Harry Truman, thinks presidential primaries are so much eyewash.

Close to the News. At 72, Arthur Krock is seven years away from his prestigious post as the *Times'* Washington bureau chief, which he voluntarily gave up to make way for Reston. "I didn't retreat," says Krock. "I merely withdrew to a previously prepared position." In that position he turns out his editorial-page column four times a week, and he does it in precisely his own way, drawing on a background of nearly four decades of political reporting and tapping a lode of sources equaled by few in U.S. journalism.

"I still have a good telephone and a couple of legs," says Krock—and he uses them for every column. He intensely dislikes being called a pundit: "I am more concerned with the reportorial quality of what I write than with any other aspect. The reporter is the *sine qua non* of a newspaper. If the reporters are good, the newspaper is good."

Arising each day at 8:30, Krock reads the *Washington Post and Times Herald*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, then the *Times*. At about 11:30 he leaves his Northwest Washington home for the *Times* office at 1701 K Street N.W. There



CORRESPONDENT NOSSAL IN PEKING
To the hosts, so cute, so chubby, so cuddlesome.

Toronto Globe & Mail



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he reads his mail, follows up on ideas generated by conversations or by his readings, goes to lunch, returns to the office at about 3 o'clock. "I never make up my mind what I'll write about until then," says Krock. "I try to keep close to the news so my piece will be as fresh as the news story on Page One."

Gathering information for his column, Krock may call as many as a dozen top-level government sources, as he did in a recent piece on the pros and cons of atomic-test suspension. "But," he says, "I often now deliberately play down new angles because I am not trying for beats but for understanding. I don't want to have the reputation of a 'scoop' artist. That is tiresome for a man who wants to be a solid reporter."

Arthur's Style. In his literary style, with long sentences filled with subordinate clauses and qualifying phrases, Columnist Krock often requires his readers to wear hip boots. Says "Scotty" Reston, the only *Timesman* in Washington who calls Krock by his first name: "It's not your style or my style, but it is Arthur's." As such, it is generally worth the effort of wading through. For Wilsonian Democrat Arthur Krock, who has known and reported on every President since William Howard Taft, remains a calm, perceptive voice in U.S. political reporting. "I am quite dispassionate about politics," says he. "I have been writing about public affairs for so long that all politicians look alike to me."

New Voice in the Vatican

Shortly after his election in 1958, Pope John XXIII summoned the director (editor) of *L'osservatore Romano*, the Vatican's "semi-official" newspaper, to express mild dismay over *L'osservatore's* numerous florid allusions to "the Illuminated Holy Father" and "The Highest Pontiff." Said Pope John: "It would be much better if you simply said 'The Pope has done this' and 'The Pontiff has said that.' But the remonstrance fell on the ears of a man who had headed *L'osservatore* for 40 of its 99 years, surviving three Popes, and was pretty much set in his ways. Fortnight ago the Vatican, in an obvious effort to modernize *L'osservatore* both in style and viewpoint, relieved the paper's longtime editor, Count Giuseppe Dalla Torre di Sanguinetto, 75. Named to replace him: Raimondo Manzini, 59, editor of Bologna's influential Catholic daily, *L'Avvenire d'Italia* (circ. 80,000).

Mussolini's Thorn. Manzini takes over a paper that has no press parallel. In effect, each issue of *L'osservatore* carries the sanction of the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church. *L'osservatore's* 15 staffers, two of them priests, all write their stories longhand; care little about being paid late with their copy. *L'osservatore* is short on subscribers (75,000) but long on world influence: high church officials read it thoroughly, along with heads of state and diplomats around the world. "We do not seek circulation," Pietro Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of



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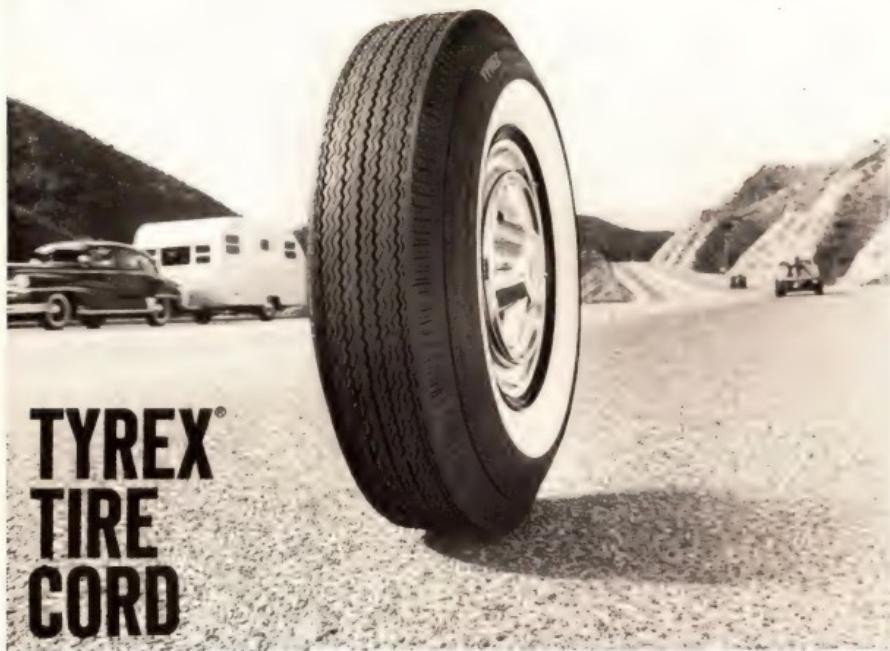
"L'OSSERVATORE'S" MANZINI
Fewer flowers for the Pope.

State from 1914 to 1929, once said.
"All we need is a newspaper in which
to publish our denials."

That was certainly the spirit in which *L'Osservatore* was established in 1861, and it matured as an organ militantly eager "to denounce and refute all calumnies against Rome and its pontificate." When Dalla Torre, a brilliant and fiery young Catholic journalist from Padua, accepted the call to *L'Osservatore* in 1920, he gave the paper's credo a more positive interpretation. In Fascist Italy, *L'Osservatore* was Mussolini's thorn. It refused to address him as "Duce"; once, when officials ordered Dalla Torre to commemorate October 28 as the anniversary of the Fascist march on Rome, the editor instead headlined the date as the anniversary of Pope Pius XI's consecration as an archbishop. Despite threats of arrest, Dalla Torre boldly denounced Hitler as an "antichrist."

Days Numbered. But in the postwar years, Dalla Torre often seemed merely to be looking for something to tilt at. While a staunch anti-Communist, he also criticized capitalism as "a social disease and pestilence." He denounced everything from female athletes (in his view, they run the risk of sterility) to Italian males ("Italians have it firmly fixed in their minds that they are formidable seducers of young women"). And ever since Pope John was crowned, Rome has buzzed with the rumor that Dalla Torre's days were numbered.

With Dalla Torre moved by the change-over to the newly created post of *L'Osservatore's* "director emeritus," his successor is almost his precise opposite. Scholarly Raimondo Manzini, an old friend of Pope John's, is a conservative journalist who is a deputy of the Christian Democratic Party and can be expected to streamline *L'Osservatore's* style while faithfully reflecting Vatican views.



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HERTZ puts

why many people who live in glass houses don't own cars



APT. 12C—John D. sold his car soon after he moved to the city. For short hops he took taxis anyway. And now when he needs a car he rents from Hertz, where he can choose the make and model he wants as he wants it — Chevy, Pontiac, Olds, Buick or Cadillac. He's actually a *multi-car family* — for less than the cost of owning one car in town!

APT. 7D—Dusty R., however, is only a recent convert to Hertz. Until last month he owned his own car and thought he always would. (He liked to think about the *ownness* of it.) But last month his tax man happened to point out that his depreciation amounted to \$1500 every time he traded. That did it.

APT. 4B—Albert E. finds it too expensive to keep a car in town. He's discovered that it costs him more to own or lease a car full time than it does to rent from Hertz when he actually needs a car. With Hertz, he pays for a car only when he's using it.

APT. 2A—Peter G. wants to own and worry about fewer *things*, from dogs that must be walked to sterling that must be polished. He decided it is better to rent from Hertz than to own a car because he doesn't want to think about changing oil, checking batteries, relining brakes, and about what he must do every so many miles. He's had it.

It costs less to rent from Hertz for the 7 or 8 days a month you need a car than it does to own or lease a car. (And note that with Hertz, you have the advantage of being able to rent and have the use of a car wherever your travels take you—and *still* spend less each year!) You can rent the brand new car of your choice by the hour, day or week. Most places you pay just \$10 a day, 10¢ a mile for a Chevrolet sedan. The next time you need a car—at home or away from home—call your local Hertz office. Hertz offices are conveniently located everywhere. Show your driver's license and proper identification, and in just a minute you're on your way!

HERTZ
Rent a car

you in the driver's seat!

Charge Hertz Service with your HERTZ AUTO-matic Charge Card, Air Travel, Rail Travel, Hilton Carte Blanche, American Express, Diners' Club or other accredited charge card.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS A Change in the Weather

Buoyed up by the approach of Easter and an easing of the nation's worst weather in years, retail sales are riding high across the U.S. Department store sales for the last week reported were 22% above the corresponding week a year ago. Adjusted to fit the pre-Easter sales pattern (Easter this year is three weeks later than last), the figure is still 8% above the comparable 1959 week.

"I am never very comfortable having recourse to weather as an explanation," said Raymond Saulnier, chief of the President's Council of Economic Advisors. "So I had our men run a comparison of the winter with previous winters. The results showed that March weather was 'stinking.' It had a significant impact."

Better weather also got credit for a step up in auto sales, which spurted in the final third of March. Besides a solid gain by Ford and Chevrolet (*TIME*, April 11), Dodge reported that March was its best month since 1957 and that sales for the model year so far are up 129%. Plymouth's 37% sales hike over last year made its first quarter the best since 1957, and Rambler set an alltime March and first-quarter record with a 37% sales gain over last year's record first quarter. Pontiac reported its best first quarter in four years, with sales running 5% above last year. Nevertheless, the industry cut back production because of the huge stocks of cars on hand.

The figures on jobs were not so cheering. The Department of Labor announced this week that unemployment rose to about 4,000,000 in March (slightly above 5% of the working force), and employment slipped back slightly to just above 64 million, both against seasonal trends. One reason: the monthly employment sample was taken during a week when a blizzard hit several parts of the country, preventing many seasonal workers in agriculture, construction and trade from being rehired. The Labor Department expects employment, which began to turn up in



late March and early April, to rebound sharply this month. The A.F.L.-C.I.O., meanwhile, predicted that the U.S. working force in 1960 will win wage hikes "at least equal to and most likely somewhat larger than in 1959."

Taking all the current economic figures on balance, the New York Federal Reserve Bank cannily reported that the economy "moved sideways" during March. Said the bank: "Hesitations of this type are not, of course, at all unusual during a course of sustained business expansion. But they always create uncertainty as to whether there has been a pause for breath which will be followed by renewed progress, or whether an advance warning of business recession has been posted."

TIME CLOCK

FIRST NEW YORK TO MOSCOW through flights were started by Belgium's Sabena 707 jets. Trip takes 11 hours, including a stop in Brussels. Round trip de luxe fare: \$1,295.70.

WORLD STEEL SPENDING for expansion and modernization of production facilities will total nearly \$5 billion in 1960, estimates the American Iron and Steel Institute. No. 1 producer, the U.S., will spend \$1.6 billion, No. 2, Russia, at least \$1 billion.

"**MAGIC COUCH**" CLAIMS made by Stauffer Laboratories, which advertises that its couch removes "unwant-

ed inches and pounds," are false, charged the FTC. Any weight loss from Stauffer's reducing plan comes from calorie cutting, says the FTC, not the couch.

PERSONAL SAVINGS totaled \$14 billion in the U.S. last year, \$2.5 billion less than in 1958. Although total financial assets of individuals showed greatest increase since 1945, debts also increased by a record amount.

AUSTRALIAN HOTEL CHAIN will be built by U.S. Hotelman Conrad Hilton and Stanhill Holdings Ltd., which runs Australia's Chevron hotel chain.

Bond Flop

For the first time in more than a year, the U.S. Treasury last week tried to sell long-term bonds. The sale was a dud. Treasury offered 25-year bonds with 4½% interest, the legal maximum imposed by Congress, hoped to sell at least \$500 million worth, offered up to \$1.5 billion. Only \$370 million worth was sold. Another offer of \$2 billion in 25-month notes was oversubscribed, thus more than meeting the Treasury's cash needs of \$2.5 billion. Said a top Treasury official: "The response to the long-term issue shows conclusively that we simply cannot sell in this market with this ceiling. It is important new evidence that we need to remove the ceiling if we are to manage the debt properly."

Democrats who oppose lifting the 4½% ceiling thought otherwise. They argued that the Treasury should have tried harder to sell the bonds to state and private pension funds by giving them longer advance notice of the issue. Growled Illinois Senator Paul Douglas: "I do not charge the Treasury with deliberately planning to have the issue fail. But I do say that if it had planned for failure, it would not have acted much differently." Douglas said that by not selling the bonds, the Treasury "may gleefully think it has won a battle; but they are going to lose the war." He is probably right. Despite the bond flop, there seemed little chance that Congress this session will lift the 4½% ceiling on bond issues of five years or longer.

A. T. & T. Shows the Way

The biggest U.S. private enterprise this week set an upbeat pace for industry with the first-quarter earnings report in its current fiscal year. For the three months ending Feb. 29, the Bell System's share of American Telephone & Telegraph Co. earnings rose to a record \$292,223,000, or \$1.32 per share v. \$1.21 per share in the same period last year. In his quarterly letter to A. T. & T.'s 1,700,000 stockholders, company President Frederick R. Kappel

Their joint company will spend \$75 million in the next five years, building five new hotels and improving three Chevron hotels in Australia and New Zealand, bringing the number of Hilton hotels to 62 on every continent except Antarctica.

CENSUS DATA that manufacturers are required to file with the U.S. Census Bureau cannot be used by federal agencies in suits against the companies, ruled a Federal Court of Appeals. Said the court, noting that all census schedules give assurances of confidentiality: "The U.S. has given its word and should be permitted to keep it."

said that new telephone installations for the first quarter would probably exceed \$50,000, slightly more than a year ago.

Two other industry giants, General Foods Corp. and American Tobacco Co., also had good news for stockholders. General Foods' directors recommended a 2-for-1 split, boosted the quarter common-stock dividend from 65¢ to 70¢. At the annual meeting, American Tobacco Co. stockholders approved a 2-for-1 split, with a planned quarterly dividend increase of 7½¢ per share, to 57½¢ on the new shares. Company President Paul M. Hahn told shareholders that sales and earnings in the first quarter this year would exceed the first quarter last year, when American Tobacco earned \$1.85 per share on sales of \$261,566,000.

Other reports:

¶ Westinghouse Electric Corp. expects first-quarter profits to exceed the 1959 period, when the company earned 40¢ per share; sales are running 5% to 10% ahead of last year.

¶ The low-net New York *Times* reported 1959 earnings of \$3,001,460, or \$39.02 per share, from record operating revenues of \$103,269,682, as compared to \$1,285,359 in 1958.

INDUSTRY

Those O'Neils

Under crusty old (74) William Francis O'Neil, Akron's General Tire & Rubber Co. is probably the fastest-growing, most diversified company in the rubber industry. Last year General Tire and its 46 subsidiaries and affiliates grossed more than \$730 million (net: \$26 million), turned out such diverse products as tires, rocket engines, tennis balls, plastics, steel, wrought iron, movies and girdles. The reason for so many far-flung enterprises, explains O'Neil blithely, is that "I wanted enough diversification so that my sons wouldn't have to scrap with each other." Last week Board Chairman O'Neil shuffled General Tire's management, laid out new areas of command for his sons; he named Son Michael Gerald ("Jerry"), 38, to be General Tire's new president; Thomas Francis, 45, vice chairman of the board; John James, 42, chairman of the finance committee.

"*That Tom.*" Like their father, the O'Neil boys (Son Hugh was killed in World War II) all went to Holy Cross, afterward were encouraged to carve out their own satrapies in General Tire's vast corporate domain. In 1940 "W.O." decided to buy Akron radio station WJW to sound off against the activities of the United Rubber Workers in his plant. When he found he could not blast away without granting equal time to the union, he bought the money-losing station anyway and turned it over to his eldest son, William Michael. In a year's time, Bill turned WJW's red ink into black, sold the station for a fat profit. Eventually Bill, now 46, left his father's company, bought Miami's WSKP.

Bill's success in radio got father so interested that he bought the Yankee net-

work, put hulking 16 ft. 4 in., 240 lbs., Son Tom in command. (A football end at Holy Cross, Tom would have made All-America, says his coach, "if he didn't spend all his time trying to sell me rubber footballs.") In a series of deals, Tom picked up the 45-station Don Lee network on the West Coast, bought control of the Mutual Broadcasting System, consolidated the lot into General Teleradio. Stepping nimbly into television, he began syndicating old Hollywood movies to stations across the U.S., was soon shopping for a larger film library. After weeks of haggling, Tom bought the shaky RKO Radio Pictures, Inc. from Howard Hughes for \$25 million, started distributing RKO's backlog of some 700 films on television. Says Tom's father: "That Tom, he sure makes money."

Son John, a Harvard Law School gradu-

the hell aren't you fellows making more money?" By merger and acquisition, he built General Tire into the rubber industry's fifth largest company (after Goodyear, Firestone, U.S. Rubber, and Goodrich). In 1944 he made his best deal, bought a half interest in the fledgling Aerojet Engineering Corp. for \$75,000, bought another 34% chunk of the company when its sales zoomed. Last year Aerojet-General, under former Secretary of the Navy Dan Kimball, accounted for nearly half (\$364 million) of General Tire's sales.

After ramrodding General Tire for 45 years, W.O. is not ready to retire. That was not the import of last week's shifts. While Jerry gets his feet wet in the presidency, his father will still be around asking questions like "Why the hell aren't you fellows making more money?"



GENERAL TIRE'S NEW MANAGEMENT TEAM*
Something for the boys.

ate, was General Tire's treasurer until 1950, when he left to study for the Roman Catholic priesthood. He abandoned his studies and returned in 1955 as chief financial adviser and overseer of the company's expansion and diversification. New President Jerry, nicknamed "Smooth" by his brothers for his personality and business savvy, has been his father's executive assistant since 1951. He has pioneered the expansion into the chemical and plastics fields. Even more expansion is necessary if W.O. is to prevent his 23 grandchildren (16 boys, nine girls) from scrapping with each other in the future.

"*Why?*" The son of an Akron department-store owner, O'Neil Sr. founded the tire company in 1915, aided by \$50,000 put up by his father. Impatient to grow, he would prowl around General Tire's departments, demand of executives: "Why

FOREIGN TRADE

A Rise in Exports

"No industry in America is safe from damage by foreign goods." Thus warned James A. Chapman, president of the American Cotton Manufacturers Institute, in a speech last week to 1,000 industry leaders at the institute's annual meeting in Bal Harbour, Fla. Chapman called for "a reasonable system of import quotas—country by country and category by category."

Chapman's protectionist plea would find ready support from a small but growing number of U.S. producers pinched by foreign competition. Manufacturers of

* Standing left to right: Aerojet President Dan Kimball; General Tire Executive Vice President L. A. McQueen; John O'Neil; seated: Jerry William F. and Thomas F. O'Neil.



Ben Martin

The Smart Sell

CHARLES H. BROWER

ALONG Manhattan's Madison Avenue, admen have long divided life into two philosophical systems: the hard sell and the soft sell. To Charles Hendrickson Brower, 58, the tall (6 ft. 4 in.), shambling president of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, "there is no such thing as the hard sell or the soft sell. There is only the smart sell and the stupid sell." Charlie Brower's smart sell, last week, was the hottest sell in the ad world.

Only a few weeks ago, Brower and BBDO hooked Dodge's \$21 million car and truck account, biggest new account in the agency's history. Last week Brower scored again; Pepsi-Cola gave BBDO its \$90,000.00 account, a plum that eventually could mean \$35 million in billings if Pepsi's distributors follow the company's lead. Instead of showing what he was going to do for Pepsi, Brower put 60 members of his staff to work turning out a 65-page book that told about the people who would be on the account, stressed BBDO's philosophy of tailoring ads to the customer instead of creating a distinctive "agency look."

CHALFIE BROWER does not fit the popular image of the Madison Avenue huckster. He is low key instead of high pressure, prefers brown worsteds to grey flannels. Rob Roys to Gibsons, New Jersey to Connecticut's Fairfield County, still lives in the Westfield, N.J. home that he has owned for 20 years, keeps a Manhattan apartment for himself and his wife.

Brower rose through the copywriting end of the ad business, is still a phrase-maker at heart. He likes to work on his beat-up typewriter, sometimes stays up all night to touch up an ad presentation, e.g., he picked the name Valiant for Chrysler's compact car. His speeches are so nicely turned ("It is change, not love, that makes the world go around; love only keeps it populated") and hard-punching ("This is the great era of the goof-off, the age of the half-done job") that requests for reprints come in at the rate of 20 a day. An old-shoe type, he has a kick like a hobbled boot when he wants something done better—which is pretty often. When a copywriter ventured that an idea had come to him "like a bolt out of the blue," Brower remarked: "Looks to me like you were struck with a broomstraw."

New Jersey-born Charles Brower comes from a long line of Dutch New Jersey farmers, entered Rutgers on a science scholarship. He later switched to majoring in English, tried teaching after college but decided to get into advertising "because I developed a prejudice toward eating." He was hired at \$50 a week by the George Batten Co. in 1928, just before its merger with Barton, Durstine & Osborn. His hard-slogging work habits and a slogan-making command of the language propelled him through BBDO's ranks as he worked on ad campaigns for Armstrong Cork, Servel, B. F. Goodrich and Celophane. He became the agency's chief idea man in 1946, a member of the executive committee in 1951.

WHEN Brower took over BBDO in 1957 from BBDO President Bernard Cornelius Duffy, it was like a batter following a home run by Babe Ruth. Ben Duffy, one of the shrewdest and best-liked admen ever to stroll Madison Avenue, had built BBDO from a smalltime outfit postwar into fourth place in the industry before he was forced to retire from active leadership after a stroke. No sooner had Brower taken over than he faced a passel of trouble. Revlon, Inc. pulled out its \$7,000,000 account. Then, to avoid trouble with its \$17 million American Tobacco account, BBDO resigned its \$1,500,000 account with *Reader's Digest*, after an unfavorable cigarette article appeared. "Being an intellectual uninterested in money," quips Brower, "I resigned the one that billed the least."

Brower reorganized and streamlined the agency in what he himself describes as a "blood bath" that swept out many employees. Then he set out to get new clients, won such new accounts as CBS, Air France, Book-of-the-Month Club, Coty, Galle wines, and the \$7,000,000 Valiant account, which proved so successful, says Brower, that "we lost the account—Dodge said that they just had to have us."

BBDO's rebound has netted Charlie Brower far more than he lost. This year BBDO will soar past its 1959 billings to reach an alltime record estimated at \$235 million. Charlie Brower intends to make billings even bigger by exporting his smart sell. Last week he was off to London to give aid and comfort to BBDO's first overseas branch. He spent a night on the town, wrote a presentation before dawn, and sewed up a new campaign for Britain's Double Diamond beer before lunch.

typewriters, fishing tackle, brass plumbing and floor tile, along with shrimp fishermen and horseradish-root growers, are asking the Government to check foreign competition. Such successful Japanese imports as transistor radios, umbrellas and chinaware are rising. So are imports of scissors and shears from Italy and West Germany, leather gloves from France and fish meal (for fertilizer) from Canada and Peru.

Fortnight ago, U.S. typewriter makers asked for a 30% duty with a \$10 minimum on all foreign imports. They complained that typewriter imports have grown from 16,000 ten years ago to 470,000 last year, now account for 30% of the U.S. market. The fact is that U.S. makers themselves account for one-third of all typewriter imports from their own plants overseas. If typewriters are protected, a similar case could be made by automakers, electrical-equipment producers and other U.S. manufacturers who import products from foreign subsidiaries.

Creating Competition. Not many of the pleas for quotas or tariffs are likely to be heeded. The Administration and U.S. industry have learned that a quota or tariff system favoring one group usually brings new competition from another. Says a top Commerce Department official: "The inevitable result of controls is for U.S. importers to seek new sources of supply." Although the Japanese voluntarily limited their shipments of cotton goods to the U.S. in 1957, imports continued to rise. Last year they reached \$202.3 million, v. \$150.2 million in 1958. Japan's share of the U.S. market last year dropped by 22%. But other producers, such as Hong Kong, India, Pakistan, Formosa, Spain and Portugal, produced by U.S. importers, more than made up the difference.

Amid the rise in protectionist sentiment, the U.S. is actually exporting more this year than last, selling far more overseas than it is buying. At the end of last year the surplus of exports over imports was down to \$1.1 billion, a postwar low. Last week the Commerce Department reported that the surplus was on the rise again. February exports rose slightly over January's, to \$1,376,100,000. February imports rose to \$1,287,000,000, 13% over January, when they were unusually low. The U.S. export surplus is now running at an annual rate of \$3.5 billion. Since December, U.S. exports have risen to the annual rate of \$19 billion. While imports have also risen, they are running only at the annual rate of \$15.5 billion.

Checking the Flow. The big reasons for the U.S.'s bigger trade balance are: 1) a reduction in steel imports following the end of the strike, 2) a slowdown in foreign auto imports, and 3) a pickup in exports of autos, trucks, machinery, aluminum, raw cotton and other commodities. The growing success of the campaign to export more was reflected by a big drop in the outflow of gold from the U.S. in the first quarter. In the first quarter last year, the U.S. lost \$92 million in gold. Last week the Treasury reported that in

PIPER GIVES YOU

Personal **TRAVEL CONVENIENCE**



Corporation President Carl F. Libby of Stoughton, Mass., averages 3,500 miles of business travel each month in his Piper Comanche.

You're the "Captain", in your own personal or company-owned Piper business airplane. You have at your command personal travel convenience which gives you extraordinary new scope, range and capacity for personal attention to business afield.

Your own Piper gives you the same personal convenience to which you have become accustomed with your auto, but over much greater distances. A modern, ultra-safe Piper will take you 500 to 600 miles, or more, in the same time it takes to drive 200 miles.

With personal Piper travel, you set your own timetable, pick your own route — usually direct, usually non-stop — leave when you want, return when you want. Because you can fly directly to and from cities and towns served by 6,000 public airports (not just 600 served by scheduled transportation) . . . because you can set your schedule to suit your own personal requirements, you'll almost always make faster door-to-door time with your own personal air transportation.

The comfort and luxury of modern Piper business planes, the magic of hands-off automatic flight (standard in all Piper AutoFlite models), add a final touch of travel perfection when you have your own personal Piper transportation at your beck and call.

FLYING IS FUN, TOO. As president of Libby Shuttleless Loom Co. and vice president of J. W. Wood Elastic Web Co., Carl F. Libby is almost constantly on the go in his sleek, three-mile-a-minute Piper Comanche. From Canada to the Carolinas he calls on plants and customers. "Servicing customer problems is increasingly important in today's competitive markets," says Mr. Libby, "and our Comanche helps speed proper customer service. Personally, I enjoy flying, too." You, too, will find your own Piper both profitable and pleasant. Why not look into Piper's "Learn As You Travel" program? See your Piper dealer for details, or write for Flying Facts Kit 6-T.



PIPER

AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

LOCK HAVEN, PENNSYLVANIA

MORE PEOPLE HAVE BOUGHT PIPIERS
THAN ANY OTHER PLANE IN THE WORLD



AZTEC Over 200 mph executive transport



APACHE World's most popular twin



COMANCHE World distance record holder

T-34-CARIBBEAN Lowest cost 4-place



SUPER CUB For sport, training, utility



PAWNEE Agricultural duster/sprayer



"Today probably 85% of the money men leave their families comes from life insurance!"

KAREN OTTER



A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICY OWNER Mr. Nugent has a total of 15 policies with this company. The first was purchased in 1923.

*A report of special interest
to young men*

by CHARLES A. NUGENT
Financial Vice President,
Stokely-Van Camp, Inc.

WE HEAR much about the worth of life insurance as an investment. I have seen in my own experience how the cash values build up over the years,

thus providing a really sizable nest egg.

"However, I never forget—and I don't think anyone else should—that the original reason *most* men get life insurance is to protect growing families. I found the cost of this protection extremely low when I compared the actual cash value with the total premiums paid.

"It is estimated that Americans are

today spending 80% of income for living expenses, taxes and the like. This leaves 20% for estate building. Yet I have heard some authorities estimate that as much as 85% of all the money that men leave their families comes from life insurance.

"Here, then, is a most obvious reason why a young family man should make life insurance one of his first purchases."

The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company

"BECAUSE THERE IS A DIFFERENCE"

There is a difference!

Four reasons why you should consider Northwestern Mutual

SO MANY PEOPLE, from well-known business leaders to young men just starting out, find Northwestern Mutual has an outstanding combination of qualities to fit their needs...

1. High earnings are a matter of record. Latest available figures show the rate of return from Northwestern Mutual's investments to be above the average of the 14 other largest life insurance companies.

2. Low operating expense is another advantage for policy owners. Modern electronic equipment enables fewer Northwestern Mutual employees to give prompt, personal attention to more policy owners. The portion of premium income needed for operating expenses is about half of the average for the 14 other largest companies.

3. Strict sharing of earnings and savings with all policy owners. Dedicated to the "mutual" principle, Northwestern Mutual has a reputation as "the policy owners' company." Dividends increased eight times in eight consecutive years.

4. Excellent agents aid in planning. The percentage of Northwestern Mutual men selling over a million dollars of life insurance a year is ten times greater than the average of all life insurance agents. And almost half of all Northwestern Mutual policies are sold to old customers coming back for more.

Make it a point to meet your local Northwestern Mutual agent. He can be one of your most helpful friends. The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



the first quarter the outflow of gold was only \$48 million.

Also responsible for the improvement: with high interest rates on short-term U.S. Government securities, foreigners have been willing to invest their funds in the U.S. rather than switch them abroad.

Foreign Discrimination. Despite the rise in exports, many U.S. industries complain that foreign nations are moving far too slowly to ease trade barriers. Last week the French government took a step to ease restrictions, lifted import quotas on more than 100 products, including chemicals, phonographs, dictating machines and plywood, rubber and plastic equipment. By 1961 France hopes to end all quotas. But U.S. businessmen face some new restrictions, not only in France but in other nations.

The U.S. tobacco industry, which ships 25% of all its exports to the six Common Market nations, faces a 30% tariff this summer. The common tariff, when fully applied, will be three times higher than the group's present average. Although cigarette consumption is rising throughout the world, U.S. makers have been hit by tariff increases or outright bans on imports by 65 nations during the past three years. Venezuela, traditionally one of the U.S.'s biggest cigarette customers, has banned cigarette imports.

For the first time in history, the U.S. auto industry last week went to the Government to complain about foreign tariffs. Before the Commerce Department, the Automobile Manufacturers' Association argued that European duties, purchase taxes and quotas have priced U.S. cars out of the market. Noted the association: with taxes and duties, a U.S. compact such as the Ford Falcon (New York list price: \$2,040) costs an English buyer \$5,238, an Italian \$4,368 and a Frenchman \$4,184. Many a businessman feels that unless foreign nations allow U.S. products to compete on equal terms in foreign markets, there will be a rise in protectionist sentiment in the U.S.

HIGH FINANCE Fast Switching at Lionel

When Manhattan Lawyer Roy Cohn turned up as head of an investors' group that took control of the money-losing toy train company, Lionel Corp., last fall, Wall Street wondered how he had financed the deal. Last week a Lionel Corp. proxy statement revealed that Cohn, one-time chief counsel of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy's Subcommittee on Investigations, was no babe in the jungles of high finance.

Lightfooting it around the globe, Cohn juggled loans from U.S. and foreign moneylenders, borrowing from one to pay another. With his associates, Cohn last October borrowed \$339,000 from the Mastan Corp. in Manhattan at a monthly interest rate of 1 1/2%, and \$532,000 from a Hong Kong moneylender, Commercial Investment Co., Ltd. With the help of this money, the Cohn group bought the controlling interest in Lionel. A month



Howard Soskin
ENGINEER COHN
At home in the jungle.

later Cohn borrowed \$400,000 from Atlantidi, S.A., a Panamanian moneylender, used it to pay off the Mastan Corp. loan. Last month Cohn borrowed an additional \$365,000 from Manhattan's Austin Associates Inc., to buy more Lionel stock and pay off one-third of the Hong Kong loan. Last week Cohn borrowed another \$147,000 from Austin Associates, used it to help pay off the remainder of the Hong Kong loan. Despite all this razzle-dazzle, the Cohn group still owes \$912,000 on Lionel stock it purchased.

By using these U.S. and foreign money-lenders, Cohn neatly sidestepped Federal Reserve Board regulations that inhibit U.S. banks from lending money to finance stock purchases. The disclosure of Cohn's financial maneuvering came as a result of a special interpretation of a Securities and Exchange Commission rule that in the future would mean that a company's controlling stockholders must tell how they financed their holdings. Lionel's proxy statement also disclosed that Cohn had financed the purchase of 14,587 shares of Lionel stock for Paul M. Hughes and his wife. A year ago Hughes was named—but not indicted—as a co-conspirator in a stock-fraud indictment against Super-swindler Alexander Guterman. To make Lionel's trains run on time, Cohn has employed Hughes as an administrative assistant. His salary: \$24,000.

RAILROADS How to Run One

Hired as president and chief executive officer of the New York Central Railroad in 1954 by the late Robert R. Young, Old Railroader Alfred E. Perlman was given a \$100,000-a-year salary and a fat option to buy 32,000 shares of Central stock at 10%. But Bob Young did not believe in contracts, would not give Perlman one. Last week the Central's directors acknowl-

"Just an Average American..."

He asked us not to use his name but wrote—

"I'm just an average American, born on a farm, who finished his formal education with two years of high school at age 15. I'm now 71 years old and I'm still continuing my education.

I made my first security investment in 1928 and I've been accruing securities every year since that time. I have bought everything from U. S. Bonds to speculative common stocks. I've made mistakes and taken losses but have managed to be right at least 51% of the time. I'm now retired from business and my portfolio of securities is worth about \$200,000. The income my wife and I receive from these securities will run to about \$8500 in 1960.

I never had any special training in investment analysis. Anybody can do what I did. All I ask from my Merrill Lynch Account Executive is all the available information on any particular security. From there on I'm content to make up my own mind.

Brokers like you have the responsibility of educating the American people on how they can own part of our country. I hope that this letter may be of some help to you on that job."

We hope so too—that's why we're reprinting it here.

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc.

Members New York Stock Exchange and all other Principal Exchanges

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

130 offices here and abroad

It took
25 years*
to create
today's
**LORD
CALVERT**



* Even with a century of distilling experience, it took our master blenders 25 years to perfect today's Lord Calvert. Tonight, try the world's most distinguished whiskey, Lord Calvert.

86 PROOF, 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

edged Perlman's success in improving the road's equipment and operations, after six years on the job signed him to a long-term contract. The terms: for the next seven years, until he is 65, Perlman, who now gets \$25,000, will receive \$100,000 a year. For the following seven years he will be paid \$50,000 a year as a consultant to the Central. He has exercised options to buy 12,000 shares of Central stock, has sold 9,000.

Since Perlman took over the Central, the road has reduced its long-term debt by \$96 million (to \$729 million), cut its passenger deficit from \$42 million in 1953 to \$24.8 million last year, piled up earnings of \$1.29 per share in 1959 (double the previous year). Last week the Central's directors declared a 25¢ dividend, the second this year.

To modernize the road, Perlman is setting up an electronic control system for the major routes on the Central's 10,450 miles of track, has built three electronically automated freight yards. This year he plans construction of two more electronic yards, which cut switching time in half, speed shipments by as much as a day. Under Perlman, the Central has also introduced a coordinated rail-highway service that uses trailers and flatcars for specialized hauling.

In the future, Perlman says, he hopes to build the Central into a "transportation company rather than a railroad." To do this he will need the approval of Congress, which now restricts railroads from diversifying into other transportation fields. But Perlman is confident approval will come. As a step toward diversification, the Central has agreed to buy \$5,000,000 worth of notes from the Flying Tiger Line, the nation's largest all-freight air carrier, hopes to coordinate a surface-air service,

CREDIT

No Easy Terms

Easy credit, which has helped boost installment debt in the U.S. to a record \$39.5 billion, is often mighty hard on the consumer. So a parade of witnesses have testified before a Senate Banking and Currency Subcommittee chaired by Illinois Democrat Paul Douglas. He and 17 other Senators are pushing a bill to require credit agencies to give buyers a complete list of financing costs to prevent lenders from cheating borrowers with exorbitant interest rates.

Car buyers, said witnesses, are among the most gullible of installment buyers. Recently, said Victor H. Nyborg, president of the Association of Better Business Bureaus, his group interviewed 225 new-car buyers, found that half, without knowing it, had agreed to buy life insurance along with their cars. One car buyer was making payments of \$500 a year on his car, was charged \$4.31 more for financing charges. Another paid an interest rate of 50%, a year to finance a used car.

Last week the subcommittee called the prize witness of the hearings: William McChesney Martin, chairman of the

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board of governors of the Federal Reserve System. To the delight of spectators, the Fed's head confessed that he found the intricacies of automobile financing utterly confusing. Chortled Douglas: "You were president of the New York Stock Exchange, an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and for many years chairman of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System. If the present practices are confusing to you, the most expert man in the country, what must they be to the average workman?" Martin agreed with the purpose of the bill, but said that it was beyond the scope of the Federal Reserve System to enforce it, as the bill provides. He recommended that it be re drafted as a criminal statute to be policed by federal regulatory agencies.

Some other witnesses violently opposed any policing of installment practices. Maintaining that "our credit system is too vital for the Government to tamper with," A Leonidas Trotta, credit research director of the National Retail Merchants Association, argued that people expect to pay more when they receive the benefits of installment buying. Said he: "To give them too much information about financing costs would only befuddle them."

AVIATION

Douglas' Dilemma

Among the world's plane builders, Douglas Aircraft was long the blue chip; its series of DC planes were the workhorses that hauled the biggest percentage of the world's air travelers. But last week Douglas, which has been in the red for a year, was in deeper trouble, buffeted by the air-frame industry's agonizing changeover to the age of the missile and the jet.

Pay cuts ranging from 5% to 25% were ordered for all Douglas salaried employees making more than \$12,000 a year—the first widespread salary cut since the drastic postwar cutbacks in 1946. The air-frame unions promptly charged that the cut was a trick to undermine their position in current contract negotiations. But Board Chairman Donald Douglas Sr. denied the charge; he announced that the step was necessary to "help place the company in a stronger competitive position at this critical period."

One of Douglas' problems is its new DC-8 jetliner. Though Douglas has orders for 156 DC-8s, development expenses were so much more than anticipated that the firm is not yet near breaking even. Douglas also had to redesign parts of the DC-8 after the plane failed to meet its initial guarantees (Douglas' explanation: the DC-8 will go as fast as claimed—550 m.p.h.—but has to burn too much fuel to do so). Losses on the DC-8 contributed heavily to a net loss of nearly \$34 million reported by the company for the year ending in November.

But the DC-8 is only one of Douglas' troubles. The phasing out of manned aircraft and quick changes in missile technology are leaving the company without a bread-and-butter contract. Items:

• The Thor program is fast ending.



Associated Press

Douglas Aircraft's DOUGLAS
Where is the bread and butter?

Though there are firm orders (twelve units) for the Thor Delta, the production peak has been passed. The last Thor was delivered last month.

• The Air Force's Skybolt, an air-launched ballistic missile, may eventually be a big program (some estimates put it well over \$500 million), but it is still in the early development stages and is by no means large enough to fill the hole left by Thor.

• The C-133B transport program, which involved well under 100 planes, is due to phase out in 1961, and the A3D attack-plane program is due to run out next January, although orders for the A4D attack plane will run for several years.

• The anti-missile Nike Zeus has an uncertain future, but the antiaircraft Nike Hercules is still an important part of Douglas business.

Such changes make it fairly certain that Douglas will become a smaller company. On the bright side is the fact that Douglas has already substantially written off costs of its DC-8, has thus taken its licks early and is in a good competitive position to profit on jet sales from now on. The company also has plenty of cash (\$15 million) and working capital (\$154 million), and recently tied up with France's Sud-Aviation (TIME, Feb. 22) to market the twin-jet Caravelle, thus enabling itself to cover both the long- and short-range jet field.

Once opposed to the idea of moving into electronics, Douglas may be forced to change its mind, use its spare cash to buy into electronics firms, where it stands a chance at grabbing some fat Government research and development contracts. Last week the company promised "additional cost-cutting steps." A good possibility: methodical layoffs that by the end of 1961 could pare 10,000 people from its payroll of 62,500—already down 7,000 from last year.

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BOOKS

The Annotated Fig Leaf

LOVE AND DEATH IN THE AMERICAN NOVEL (603 pp.)—Leslie A. Fiedler—*Criterion* (\$8.50).

Leslie A. Fiedler, literary critic and professor of English at Montana State University, describes the friendship of Ishmael and Queequeg in *Moby Dick* as "homoerotic"—a case of "innocent homosexuality." Written in that vein, *Love and Death in the American Novel* is a tumid, quasi-psychanalytic study in which Critic Fiedler tries to strip American literature down to a heavily annotated fig leaf. As Fiedler sees it, the fig leaf conceals guilt and impotence, the historical inability of the U.S. novelist to portray mature women or deal with adult heterosexual relationships.

When they are not, in Fiedler's view, "infuriatingly boyish," the masterworks of U.S. fiction, e.g., *Moby Dick*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, are sexless. Even in *The Scarlet Letter*, the "A" might as well stand for anticlimax, for all passion is spent before the novel begins. Instead of depicting love and marriage, the U.S. writer customarily projects a spectral landscape dominated by death, pursuit and flight. The U.S. novel does not derive its power from skill, according to Fiedler, or from its vaunted realism (from Poe to Nathanael West, it is often surreal), but from something like Jung's "collective unconscious."

Castles to Indians. How did U.S. fiction get deflected onto this strange and sometimes morbidly haunted path? Like the good psychological determinist he is, Author Fiedler feels that it all began in the womb of English letters some two centuries ago. Pioneering American novelists had two English models—the sentimental novel of love embodied in Richardson's *Clarissa* and the gothic novel of crumbling castles and mental phantoms invented by Horace Walpole (*The Castle of Otranto*). Eventually housewives and what Hawthorne called "female scribblers" took over the sentimental novel; as a romantic fantasy it has paced U.S. bestseller lists ever since. When Charles Brockden Brown, a graceless but serious 18th century writer, replaced Italian ruins with the American wilderness and aristocratic doom with Indian gore—in such novels as *Edgar Huntly*—the gothic novel became the favored mode of major U.S. novelists from Melville to Faulkner.

The decline of the sentimental love novel is a sizable calamity in Fiedler's eyes. In Continental terms, the aristocratic Lovelace's siege of Clarissa's stouly preserved virginity was a class struggle of courtly manners v. the rising middle class. Transferred to the democratic U.S., it became a puritan's version of the war between the sexes. Woman stood for Virtue. Man for Vice. Having struck down the paternal authority of prince and prelate, the immigrant-rebel found that the voice



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The boys keep running away.

of conscience, convention and society sounded strangely feminine. The divine right of kings had been swapped for the divine rightness of Mother.

Little Eva to Lolita. The reaction of the U.S. male novelist, says Fiedler, was a flight to Nature—away from the responsibility of marriage and family, back to primal innocence. Thus the typical U.S. fictional hero escapes to the virgin forest (Fenimore Cooper) or the South Seas (Melville) or on hunting and fishing trips (Hemingway). Yet Nature is studded with violence, the idylls are scarcely innocent: "*Huckleberry Finn*, that euphoric boys' book, begins with its protagonist holding off at gun point his father driven half mad by the D.T.s and ends (after a lynching, a disinterment, and a series of violent deaths relieved by such humorous incidents as soaking a dog in kerosene and setting him on fire) with the revelation that that father's sordid death."

Far from sordid, and yet passing strange, are the friendships these "men without women" achieve—Natty Bumppo and Chingachgook, Ishmael and Queequeg, Huck Finn and Nigger Jim. Similar friendships are found in the male Hemingway world—for instance, between Jake and Bill in *The Sun Also Rises*. These relationships are probably not even "homoerotic," as Fiedler claims; yet they are often tinged with the love-hate ambiguity of the white man's encounter with the Indian and the Negro. Oddly enough, these relationships are counterpointed by a series of Fair Maiden v. Dark Lady situations (notably in Hawthorne). The hero is torn between the good blonde and the evil brunette, propriety and passion. In the 20th century the good blonde has become "a hopeless and unmitigated bitch." In *The Great Gatsby* she is Daisy, the golden girl who humiliates the hero with a "voice full of money"; in *The Sun Also Rises*, she is Brett, the sterile sexual adventuress; in *Sanctuary* she is Temple Drake, the man-devouring nymphomaniac. The ultimate gothic horror is the Child Bitch, Lolita, perverse twin to the 19th century's Angel Child, Little Eva.

Faust to Oedipus. The gothic hero dabbles in monstrous sex substitutes from necrophilia to incest, but his ultimate blasphemy is to sign a Faustian pact with the Devil. "I baptize thee not in the name of the Father, but in the name of the Devil," howls Ahab deliriously as his magic harpoon is tempered in barbarians' blood. "To sell one's soul is to deny the Fall," argues Fiedler, "to want to be as God." Ahab, the quintessential gothic hero, is Faust. And Faust's ally, Mephistopheles, would probably emerge (in Fiedler's Freudian idiom) as a poor devil with an Oedipus complex about God the Father.

Critic Fiedler's Freudian couch, like any bed of dogma, is Procrustean. What doesn't fit is cut to size. *Love and Death* is full of the maimed and the missing, from Henry James to Edith Wharton, Sinclair Lewis to John Dos Passos. It never seems to occur to Fiedler that a novel survives on its literary merits, not its

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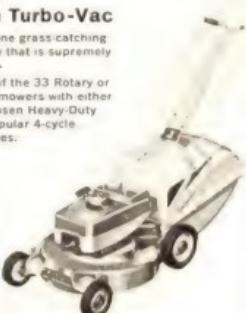
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myths, and on its stories, not its symbols. While his nonstop psychologizing is at times brilliant and rarely a bore, the head shrinker's touch is a trifle grotesque. In sum, Fiedler produces a gallery of shrunken heads—deliberately reducing the stature of most of the American writers he discusses—and then peevishly complains that they lack size.

Notes from the Underground

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER [176 pp.] — Alan Sillitoe — Knopf (\$3.50).

I was told, continued Egremont, "that an impassable gulf divided the Rich from the Poor; I was told that the Privileged and the People formed Two Nations, governed by different laws, influenced by different manners, with no thoughts or sympathies in common."

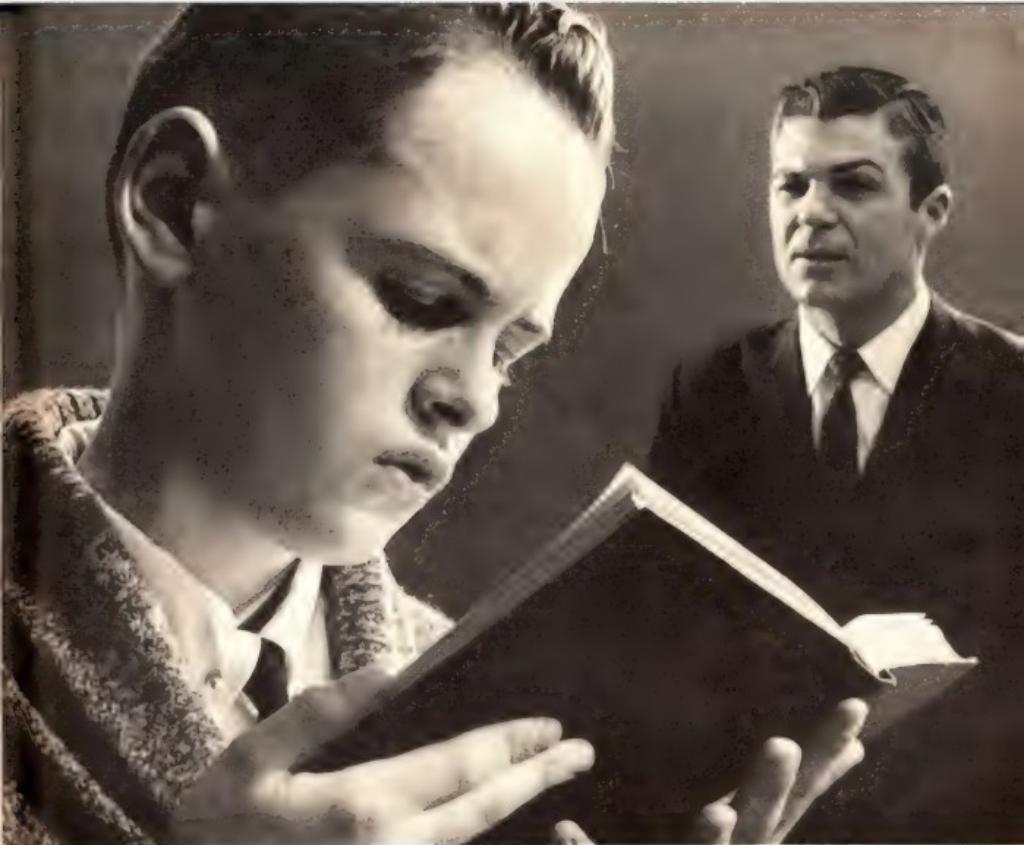
—Benjamin Disraeli: *Sybil*

Disraeli's truism about England's "two nations" appeared in 1845, nearly a quarter of a century before he became Prime Minister. Today, despite the leveling influences of repeated wars and the advent of the welfare state, the two nations still eye each other across a gulf nearly as impassable. In Alan Sillitoe, the largely silent second nation has found a brilliantly articulate spokesman. His people, rattling around in the urban slums of the English Midlands, have nothing in common with the world image of the Englishman: tall, stolid, well-spoken with a reverence for fair play and the law. In this new collection of nine short stories, as in his novel, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, Sillitoe's characters are spry, gamy, wry-humored, and view the British policeman not as a kindly bobby but as a dirty, bullying, jumped-up bastard.

Son of a Nottingham tanner, 31-year-old Author Sillitoe left school at 14 to work in factories, turned to writing during the war while serving as an R.A.F. radio operator in Malaya. From being one of Britain's heavily intellectual Angry Young Men, Sillitoe is extremely matter of fact in his recital of the war between the two nations. The blokes he writes about may have been "put inside" for anything from arson to stealing cars, from burglary to grabbing passing women and "trying to give them what's for."

In the long title story, the battle lines are swiftly drawn. Smith, the 17-year-old narrator, is serving a stretch in a Borstal Institution for juvenile delinquents (his offense: stealing £150 from a bakery). Encouraged by the hearty, sports-loving warden to train for an All-England cross-country race of Borstal inmates, Smith lets down his high-minded sponsor by deliberately quitting in the stretch. Why? Because Smith knows "it's war between me and them," and has no intention of giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Many of the other stories point the same moral, and yet Author Sillitoe is almost never bitter, self-pitying or sentimental. Most of his people are buoyed by a bottomless optimism. As Smith puts it, talking about the warden: "It's dead



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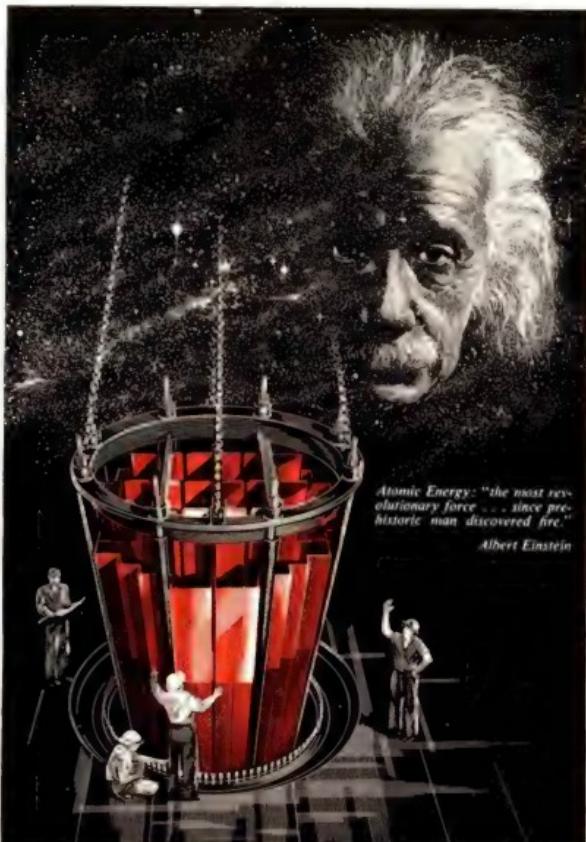


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SOUTH DAKOTA: Architect's drawing of 66,000-kw nuclear power plant with internal nuclear super-heat, now being designed for Northern States Power Company in cooperation with ten other midwest electric utilities.

blokes like him as have the whiphand over blokes like me, and I'm almost dead sure it always will be that way, but even so, by Christ, I'd rather be like I am—always on the run and breaking into shops for a packet of fags and a jar of jam—than have the whiphand over someone else and be dead from the toenails up."

Homecoming

THE WATERS OF KRONOS [176 pp.]—
Conrad Richter—Knopf [\$3.50].

Life and literature are not as far apart as some critics like to believe, and few books seem truer to life than those in which the author indulges his nostalgia. Writers as various as Marcel Proust, Thomas Wolfe and James Thurber separately discovered that "you can't go home again." In *The Waters of Kronos*, Novelist Conrad Richter adds an extra dimension to this truism. His hero grasps what countless other men have sensed: you can never really leave home. Novelist Richter has written a dozen books (*The Trees*, *The Fields*, *The Town*) in which the American grain stands out like a pledge of authenticity. His latest is guaranteed, with all its flecks of sentimentality, to stir any reader who has ever tried to break away from his home town.

When John Donner tries to return from the West to his birthplace in Pennsylvania, he is an old man, and Unionville has long been under the waters of a huge hydroelectric dam. Donner has been ill, and he is perhaps a little unbalanced as well. The local graveyards were moved up to high ground when the valley was flooded, and as he stands before the graves of his family, Donner is swept away by memories. In his fevered imagination, his boyhood Unionville exists again. He walks the streets, peers into houses, recognizes old friends and acquaintances. He even visits his father's store, and there an old confusion leaves him helpless to speak his feelings. Like many a boy, he had never been able to bridge the distance between himself and his father. Now, as he relives the situation as an old man, the gap seems hardly narrowed. Was his father his enemy, or was he what he seemed to the rest of the town, a cheery backslapper with embarrassing clichés and Biblical quotations?

As Donner's memory reaches full crest, a whole town passes in review—the poor, the well to do, the occasional suicide or murderer, the eccentric, and underneath all, a solid support of hard work, kindness. Pennsylvania Dutch stubbornness and no-nonsense Lutheranism. Now Donner knows that he loved all this. To the love for his mother, the constant in his life, is now added an insight far different from and more imaginative than the anti-daddy theme so often at the heart of current fiction: "That all those disturbing things seen and felt in the father, which as a boy had given him an uncomprehending sense of dread and hostility, were only intimations of his older self to come, a self marked with the inescapable dissolution and decay of his youth."



NOVELIST RICHTER
The maturity of old wine.

Pat Cahill

On its simplest level, *The Waters of Kronos* is a long way from being original, but Author Richter's treatment of his story is, and his style has the pleasurable maturity of old wine. Like most mature writers, he has turned, at '69, to the secret recapitulations that round out a lifetime; almost of necessity he is grave, but never boring.

Beau's Art

THE DANDY: BRUMMELL TO BEERBOHM [372 pp.]—**Ellen Moers**—Viking [\$6].

The Duke of Wellington approved of elegance, but he felt obliged to advise his splendidly uniformed Grenadier Guards that their behavior was "not only ridiculous but unmilitary" when they rode into battle on rainy day with their umbrellas raised. Such peacockery startles the 20th century male, who trembles dizzily at the brink of foolishness when he folds a handkerchief into the breast pocket of his sack suit. The rich man of today dresses more plainly, if anything, than his short-form employee, and there are social observers who theorize that the tycoon tries to be inconspicuous because he feels guilty about his wealth.

Things were different at the beginning of the 19th century. The eventual winner of the class war, the junior executive, had not even been invented. The upper classes of England, alarmed at Jacobin rumblings from France, put down the undeserving poor with vigor. And one of the battlefield on which they did so, in the view of Author Moers, was that of dress. Leading a languid but deadly charge for the aristocracy was a new and resplendent creature, the dandy (whom the author distinguishes from the mere fop by the social forces that created him). Thomas Carlyle wrote unsympathetically that a dandy is "a man whose trade, office, and existence

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consist in the wearing of Clothes." He ignored the dandy's first function—to prove, merely by being himself, the unbridgeable distance between the elite and "the great unwashed" (a phrase used by dandified Politician-Author Edward Bulwer-Lytton to describe literary critics).

A Superior Valet. First and greatest of the dandies, of course, was George Bryan Brummell. The son of a well-to-do bureaucrat (the confounded criticism of his birth by claiming that "my father was a very superior valet, and kept his place all his life"). Beau Brummell in his teens became the friend of the fat, feeble Prince of Wales. By dressing with unheard-of care and severity—he used only two colors, blue for his coat and buff for his waistcoat and trousers—and by developing a haughty silence that could strike like a thunderclap, Brummell made himself the embodiment of bon ton in London society. From 1800 until he fled England to escape creditors in 1816, "his dictates were obeyed in all the great issues of existence: the curve of a brim, the blend of a snuff, the turn of a phrase, the ways to pass those long boring years when wars were being fought, laws were being debated, history was being made."

Dandism flourished, exquisite and exclusive, until the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832 (which shifted the balance of power from the Lords to the Commons). Such men as "Poodle" Byng, "Apollo" Raikes, and the gorgeous Count D'Orsay followed or improved upon Brummell's styles; collars, stiff with whalebone, rose above the ears, cravats required pounds of starch, and coats became bosomy with padding. French aristocrats, in a wave of Anglophilia, embraced the fad—although, the author notes, they confused the thin-wristed dandy with his country cousin, the fox-hunting buck.

Truman Shirts. There is little evidence that dandism did much lasting harm to anyone. In fact, it may be argued that it diverted men's energies from grimmer pursuits. But the Victorian mind was horrified, although fascinated, by the dandies. Thomas Carlyle, an impoverished Scot, was scathing in *Sartor Resartus*, as was Thackeray in *Vanity Fair*. Writing learnedly, but much too earnestly for her slender subject, Author Moers, wife of Martin (Madison Avenue, U.S.A.) Mayer, charts the dwindling course of dandism. The affectation spread to Dickens, whose cream waistcoats doomed him, in Victorian society, to remain a gent instead of a gentleman, to Oscar Wilde, who cultivated dandism to reap publicity, and finally to the last great dandy (and one of the last great essayists), Max Beerbohm.

Bearbohm dressed exquisitely, of course, but two other accomplishments were necessary to earn him his place as Brummell's last successor: the art of insult and, as the author observes, "the art of getting away with it." When, offended by the scent of the new century, he exiled himself to Rapallo in 1910, Bearbohm showed flawless taste; barbarians in Truman shirts and Bermuda shorts were massing just beyond the horizon.



The Business The Stage Coach Lost!

In its day, the stage coach was tops. With the freight wagon, it served communities with no other suitable transport. When the railroads reached enough of the old stage towns, the coach and freight wagon faded into dusty frontier history.

Not only because the railroad could better handle the existing business the stage coaches had, but more importantly because the enormous new business created by superior service was traffic which could never have been handled by muscle power.

In transportation, as in other fields, business tends to go to those best qualified to handle it . . . to those able to provide, overall, the best service. And new forms of transportation in turn create new business the older forms never had.

Not all the freight handled by motor truck has been taken from railroads, to cite an example, nor is all air freight business diverted from either railroads or trucks. Availability of truck service has created vast new markets for industry and agriculture — many of them beyond the physical service facilities of other forms of transportation.

Trucks are fast, flexible—able to pick up, deliver or line haul any time of the day or night wherever there are roadways. That is why trucks today haul more tons of freight, within and between communities, than all other forms of transport combined.



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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

A Lesson in Love (Swedish). In a comedy of morals as well as manners, brilliant Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman presents a riskily sophisticated satire about marital fidelity.

The Magician (Swedish). Bergman in another mood tells the story of a small-time 19th century Mesmer whose mystical mask covers an ordinary man (but is he really?) forced by poverty to be a "ridiculous vagabond, living a lie."

The Poacher's Daughter. With the magic of language, Julie Harris and the players of the Abbey Theatre lift a banal comedy plot high off the green sod.

Tiger Bay. With masterful suspense, the camera moves through a Cardiff slum, following a young sailor who has mured in disappointed passion, but cannot kill the only witness to his crime.

The Cranes Are Flying (Russian). In a movie that is both wild and brilliant, Director Mikhail Kalatozov catapults an ordinary love story into flight.

Kiru (Japanese). A man tries to do good before he dies, succeeds, and brutally ironic agonies follow. Perhaps the finest achievement of Director Akira (*Rashomon*) Kurosawa.

TELEVISION

Wed., April 13

Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10:11 p.m.). The story, based on police case histories, of a small-time racketeer who tries to build nickels and dimes into big money in *The Numbers Racket*.

Fri., April 15

Jerry Lewis Times Show (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). During any Lewis variety show, there are sure to be at least a few samples of pure Lewis looniness. Color. **Westinghouse Desilva Playhouse** (CBS, 9:10 p.m.). Ed and Keenan Wynn fight it out as a real-life father-and-son team when *The Man in the Funny Suit* looks into the backstage squabbles during the production of Rod Serling's award-winning teleplay, *Requiem for a Heavyweight*. Even Serling plays himself.

Sat., April 16

Pontiac Star Parade (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Andy Williams in *The Man in the Moon*, a musical special, with Lisa Kirk, Tony Randall, Diahann Carroll, Bambi Linn and Jester Hairston, Color.

World Wide 60 (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Along *The Way of the Cross*, TV cameras will retrace Christ's last walk from the judgment seat of Pilate, step by step to Calvary.

Sun., April 17

Easter Services. CBS presents Roman Catholic and Protestant services from the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception and the National Cathedral in Washington (10 a.m.-12 noon). NBC presents Catholic Mass from St. Peter in Chains Cathedral, Cincinnati (11 a.m.-12 noon). ABC presents Bishop Pike's Easter Meditation (12:30-1 p.m.).

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-

* All times E.S.T.

7 p.m.). Rare films of a rare time and place, *Paris in the '20s*, re-create a *Who's Who* of the Lost Generation; Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, Gertrude Stein, Colette, Josephine Baker, Mistinguett, Marilyn Miller, Harpo Marx, etc.

Sunday Showcase (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Easter music and ballet, with the University of Utah Corps de Ballet and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

The Chevy Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). A show produced entirely with actors under twelve attacks an old question: "Are Children Really People?" Guests: Jay (*Dennis the Menace*) North, Jerry (*Leave It to Beaver*) Mathers and Angela Cartwright of *The Danny Thomas Show*. Color.

Tues., April 19

Startime (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). "Well, What About You?" is a special nonpartisan argument to get out the vote. On hand to urge cooperation: Vice President Nixon, Governor Rockefeller, Senator Kennedy, Adlai Stevenson, Thruston Morton and Paul Butler. Color.

Alcoa Presents (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). First of a two-part series on Peter Hurkos, a survivor of Nazi terror in The Netherlands. As a result of injuries suffered while an underground agent, Hurkos claims psychic powers that have helped solve 27 murders in 17 different countries.

THEATER

On Broadway

Toys in the Attic. Playwright Lillian Hellman slaps a lethargic theater season into awareness with this taut, powerful drama about a weak ne'er-do-well's sudden acquisition of wealth. Jason Robards Jr. heads a fine cast.

A Thurber Carnival. The nutty flavor of Humorist James Thurber is deftly brought to the stage in a revue with Tom Ewell, Paul Draper, John McGiver, Peggy Cass, Alice Ghostley.

The Tenth Man. In a suburban synagogue, a mentally disturbed young girl is magically freed from the dybbuk (evil spirit) that possesses her, as Playwright Paddy Chayefsky mixes Jewish mysticism and modern psychology.

The Miracle Worker. Superb performances by Actresses Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke overcome the inherent weaknesses in William Gibson's often moving play about young Helen Keller's emergence from darkness and silence.

Five Finger Exercise. British Playwright Peter Shaffer deftly bangs five heads together, almost hard enough to bring death to one. Directed by Sir John Gielgud, with Jessica Tandy, Roland Culver.

Off Broadway

Henry IV. The repertory group of Manhattan's Phoenix Theater is doing so well with Part I that it will tackle Part II beginning next week (in alternate performances with Part I, beginning May 6).

BOOKS

Best Reading

D'Annunzio: The Poet as Superman, by Anthony Rhodes. An entertaining biography of the fabulous Italian poet-soldier, whose antics intoxicated Italy with blood,

glory and poppycock, and did much to prepare the nation for the grim Mussolini hangover.

Clean and Decent, by Lawrence Wright. The natural history of the bathroom may be an unlikely subject, but the author's wit and scholarship make this book better bathtub reading than most novels.

A Separate Peace, by John Knowles. In this uncommonly fine first novel, a schoolboy discovers a knot of homicide within himself—and what he kills, the author appears to be saying, is his own innocence.

Clea, by Lawrence Durrell. The fourth novel in Durrell's febrile and often brilliant tetralogy exploring a small world (contemporary Alexandria) peopled by grotesques.

The Edge of Day, by Laurie Lee. A serene, charming and unsentimental account of the British post's boyhood.

Commandant of Auschwitz, by Rudolf Hoess. That the most debased of criminals can be self-pitying and even self-righteous is proved in this grim memoir by the SS captain, since executed, who gassed 2,000,000 Jews at Auschwitz.

The Reluctant Surgeon, by John Kobler. John Hunter, the brilliant and eccentric 18th century medical experimenter, is well portrayed in a readable biography.

A European Education, by Romain Gary. This early Gary novel, like its successors, draws force from a protagonist who is "condemned to heroism"—a Polish boy whose experiences during the Nazi occupation are bitter and shattering.

Between Then and Now, by Alba de Céspedes. Writing with unsettling skill about what it is like to be female, the author tells of a woman who discovers that the bonds of freedom can be more confining than those of family.

Kiss Kiss, by Roald Dahl. The author concentrates largely on the female of the species in these stories, and proves Kipling's point about its deadliness with chilling wit.

The Good Light, by Karl Bjarnhof. Finding words for the things that are too terrible for words, the author writes a moving, fictionalized chronicle of his descent into blindness.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Hawaii**, Michener (1)*
2. **Advise and Consent**, Drury (2)
3. **Ourselves To Know**, O'Hara (6)
4. **The Constant Image**, Davenport (4)
5. **The Lincoln Lords**, Hawley (3)
6. **Dear and Glorious Physician**, Caldwell (9)
7. **Kiss Kiss**, Dahl (8)
8. **Two Weeks in Another Town**, Shaw (7)
9. **The Devil's Advocate**, West (5)
10. **Almez-vous Brahms . . .**, Sagan (10)

NONFICTION

1. **May This House Be Safe From Tigers**, King (1)
2. **Folk Medicine**, Jarvis (2)
3. **The Enemy Within**, Kennedy (10)
4. **The Law and the Profits**, Parkinson (6)
5. **Grant Moves South**, Catton (4)
6. **My Wicked, Wicked Ways**, Flynn (3)
7. **Act One**, Hart (5)
8. **The Joy of Music**, Bernstein (8)
9. **Hollywood Rajah**, Crowther (7)
10. **Queen Mary, 1867-1953**, Pope-Hennessy

* Position on last week's list.

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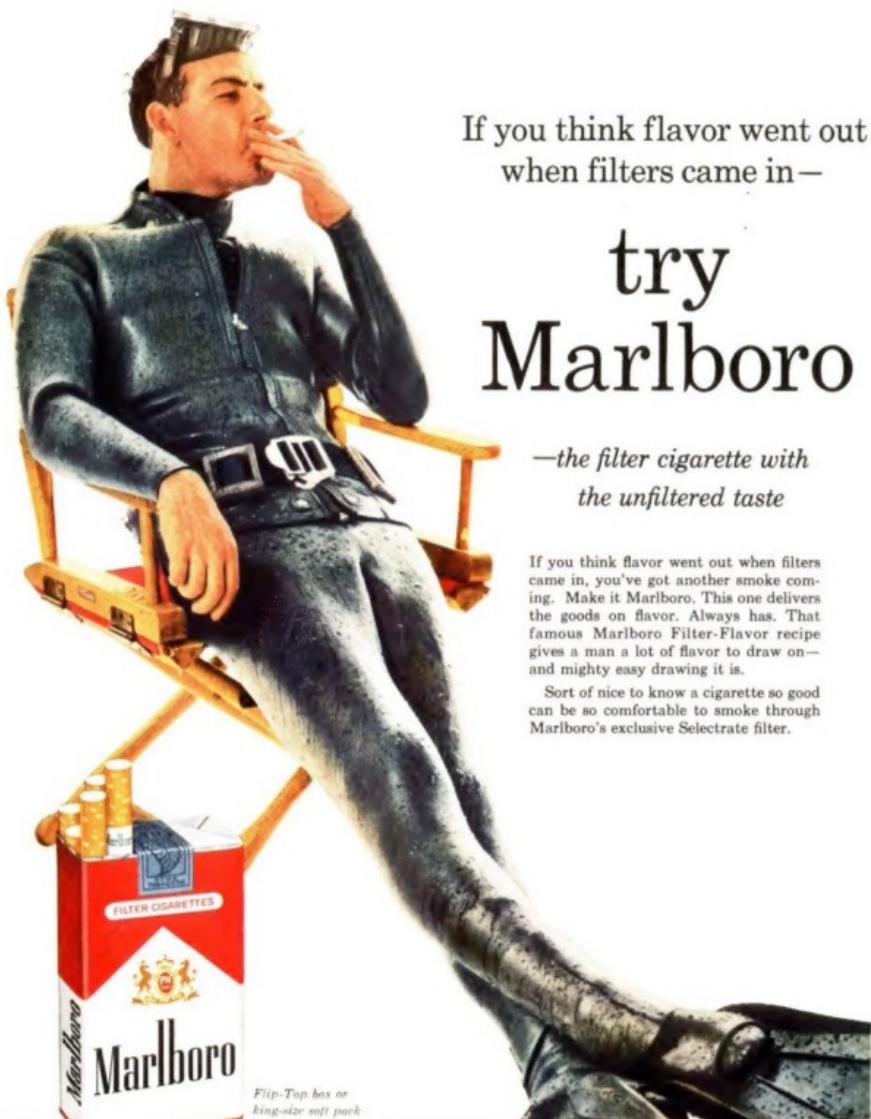
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